

Spiritual Songs,  
*Many* O R, *Reverend*  
**Songs of Praise**  
T O  
Almighty God  
Upon several OCCASIONS.  
Together with  
The SONG of SONGS,  
Which is  
**SOLOMONS.**  
First Turn'd, then Paraphrased in *English Verse.*  
To which may be added,  
**Penitential Cries.**

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*The Fourth Edition, Corrected. With an Addition of a  
Sacred Poem on Dives and Lazarus.*

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L O N D O N, Printed for *Thomas Parkhurst*, at the  
*Bible and Three Crowns*, at the lower end of *Cheapside*,  
near *Mercers Chappel.* 1694.





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# THE PREFACE.

**O**UR Blessed Saviour immediately before He went out to Suffer, Sung an Hymn, and his Disciples Sung with Him; After His Ascension into Heaven, the Apostles Sung the Praises of God, and Taught others to do so. After Them, the Primitive Christians Sung; And so must the Christians of this Time. For if these should hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately Cry out: Should we be Silent, even the Heathens might shame us. One of whom said formerly to his Friends, If I was a Nightingale, I would Sing like a Nightingale; But now I am a Man I will Sing the Praises of God as long as I Live; And I would have you to Sing with Me! Sing we then heartily to our good God as it ever becometh us, So dear to us should the Concernment of Gods

## The Preface.

Honour be, that we should Solemnly own his Goodness, Power and Wisdom, ever in those Works of His, wherein we have no Special Interest ; For this we have the Example of Holy David and Others. But if we have not attained to so Divine a Frame, yet we should at least praise God for our own Mercies ; Which are scarce Mercies, scarce our own, if they be not Thankfully acknowledged to Him that gave Them ; Some of which are taken Notice of in the First Part of the Book. But who can express the Noble Acts of the Lord, or shew forth all his Praises ?

Solomons Song is an Heavenly Discourse betwixt Christ and His Church ; And O how He Loves her ! How He extols her ! How He admires Her ! How he rejoyses in Her ! It is a thing which cannot be duly thought upon without an Holy Astonishment ; As is His Majesty ; so is his Mercy, so is his Love, his Joy. Hence it is that the day of his Espousals (a day that Crown'd his Church with Infinite Happiness) it's Styled the day of the Gladness of his Heart,  
Ch. 5. 11. In

## The Preface.

*In the Version I Look'd at the Words ; In the Paraphrase at the Spiritual Sense ; In the whole at the Edification of those who Love Our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity.*

Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Let Heaven and Earth Praise Him, Let Saints and Angels praise Him.

Let Gods Holy Church throughout all the World Praise Him, Let all the Tongues and Tribes of the Earth Praise Him, Let Time praise Him, Let Eternity praise Him, Let our Lips and Lives praise Him, Let our Souls praise Him ; *And O may they be a Praise to the Riches of His Grace for Ever !*

The

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*Books*

*Books Printed for Tho. Parkhurst.*

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Hymns suited to the Sacrament by *Tho. Vincent*, &c.

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Songs of Praise to Almighty God,  
upon several Occasions.

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I. *A General Song of Praise to Almighty God.*

( 1. )

**H**OW shall I Sing that Majesty  
Which Angels do Admire ?  
Let Dust in Dust and Silence lie,  
Sing, Sing, ye Heav'nly Quire.  
Thousand of Thousands stand Around  
Thy Throne, O God, most High ;  
Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand sound  
Thy Praise ; But who am I ?

( 2. )

Thy Brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst I thy Footsteps trace.  
A Sound of God comes to my Ears ;  
But they behold thy Face.  
They Sing because thou art their Sun,  
Lord, send a Beam on me ;  
For where Heav'n is but once begun  
There Hallelujahs be.

B

( 3. )

( 3. )

Enlighten with Faiths Light my Heart,  
Enflame it with Loves Fire,  
Then shall I Sing and bear a part,  
With that Celestial Quire.  
I shall I fear, be dark and cold,  
With all my Fire and Light :  
Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,  
Lord Treasure up my Mite.

( 4. )

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,  
Which doth all Beings keep !  
Thy Knowledge is the only Line  
To sound so vast a Deep.  
Thou art a Sea without a Shore,  
A Sun without a Sphear,  
Thy Time is now and evermore,  
Thy place is every where.

( 5. )

How good art thou whose Goodness is  
Our Parent Nurse and Guide ;  
Whole Streams do water Paradise  
And all the Earth beside!  
Thine Upper and Thine Nether Springs  
Make both thy Worlds to thrive.  
Under thy warm and sheltring wings  
Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

( 6. )



( 6. )

Thy Arm of Might, most mighty King,  
Both Rocks and Hearts doth break.  
My God, thou canst do every thing  
But what would shew thee weak.  
Thou canst not Cross thy self, or be  
Less then thy self, or poor ;  
But whatsoever pleaseth Thee,  
That canst thou do, and more.

( 7. )

Whowould not fear thy Searching Eye,  
Witness to all that's true ?  
Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisie  
Lie plain before its View.  
Motions and thoughts before they grow  
Thy Knowledge doth Espy.  
What unborn Ages are to do  
Is done before thine Eye.

( 8. )

Thy Wisdom, which both makes and mends  
We ever much Admire.  
Creation all our Wit transcends ;  
Redemption rises Higher.  
Thy Wisdom guides stray'd Sinners home,  
'Twill make the dead World rise,  
And bring those Prisoners to their Doom.  
Its Paths are Mysteries.

( 9. )

Great is thy Truth, and shall prevail  
To Unbelievers shame.

Thy Truth and Years do never fail ;  
Thou ever art the same.

Unbelief is a Raging wave,  
Dashing against a Rock.

If God do not his *Israel* Save,  
Then let *Egyptians* mock.

( 10 )

Most pure and Holy are thine Eyes,  
Most Holy is thy Name,  
Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,  
Thy Holiness proclaim.

This is the Devils scourge and sting,  
This is the Angels Song,  
Who Holy, Holy, Holy Sing,  
In Heavenly *Canaan's* Tongue.

( 11. )

Mercy, that shining Attribute,  
The Sinners Hope and Plea !  
Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit  
Are drown'd in thy Red Sea,  
Mercy is Gods Memorial,  
And in all Ages prais'd,  
My God, thine only Son did fall,  
That Mercy might be Rais'd.

B 3

( 12. )

to Almighty God.

5

( 12. )

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,  
I Humbly here Adore.

Shew me thy Glory and thy Face,  
That I may praise Thee more.

Since none can see thy Face and live,  
For me to die is best,

Through *Jordan's* streams who would not dive  
To Land at *Canaan's* Rest ?

*Another.*

I.

**VV**hat shall I Render to my God,  
For all his Gifts to Me ?

Sing Heav'n and Earth, rejoice and praise  
His Glorious Majesty.

Bright Cherubims, sweet Seraphims,  
Praise Him with all your might.

Praise, praise Him all ye Hosts of Heav'n,  
Praise him ye Saints in Light.

2.

Ye blessed Patriarchs praise the Lord,  
For his First-Fruits are ye.

Bless'd Prophets who dreamt here of God,  
Praise Him, whom now you see.

Offer to God ye glorious Priests  
Your Sacrifice of Praise ;

Sweet Psalmists, now your Hearts are Fixt,  
Your tuneful Voices raise.

B 3

Ye

3.

Ye twelve Apostles of the Lamb,  
Who here proclaim'd your King,  
And fill'd this World with holy Sounds,  
Loud Hallelujahs Sing.  
Triumphant Martyrs ye did Fight,  
And Fighting ye did fall,  
And falling ye took up a Crown :  
Crown Him who Crown'd you all.

4.

Praise, praise Him, all ye saved Ones,  
From whom Salvation came ;  
Praise Him that Sits upon the Throne,  
And Praise the Glorious Lamb.  
Praise, praise him, all ye Saints below,  
Praise Him both East and West :  
Praise him, all ye Baptized Lands,  
Praise whom you have Profess'd.

5.

O Praise Him, all ye Crowned Heads,  
That own the Christian Name :  
Praise Him, who is the King of Kings,  
Raise and Enlarge his Fame.  
Praise Him, all Christian Magistrates,  
Gain Credit to his Ways :  
Praise Him, ye Ministers of God,  
Teach Others Him to Praise.

6.

Praise Him our Famous Christian Isle,  
Praise Him with one accord.

Let every Tongue, let every Tribe  
Be taught to Praise the Lord,  
Praise Him, my Friends and Kindred all,  
O Praise Him all your days,  
My Mind and Heart, my Lip and Life  
Joyn to Advance his Praise.

7.

O Let me praise thee, whilst I live,  
And praise thee, when I dye,  
And praise thee, when I rise again,  
And to Eternity.  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost :  
The Father sent his Son;  
The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost,  
For Mens Salvation.

8.

Mysterious depths of Endless Love  
Our Admirations raise,  
My God, thy Name exalted is  
Far above all our praise.

III. *A Song of Praise for Creation.*

1.

**T**Hou wast, O God : and thou wast Blest  
Before the World begun ;  
Of thine Eternity posselt,  
Before Time's Glass did Run.  
Thou needest none thy praise to Sing,  
As if thy Joy could Fade.

Could'st

Could'st thou have needed any thing,  
 Thou could'st have nothing made,

2.

Great and Good God, it pleased Thee  
 Thy God-Head to declare.

And what thy Goodness did decree  
 Thy Greatness did prepare.

Thou spak'st, and Heaven and Earth Appear'd  
 And Answer'd to thy Call;  
 As if their Makers Voice they heard,  
 Which is the Creatures *ALL*.

3.

Thou spak'st the Word, most mighty Lord,  
 Thy Word went forth with Speed,

Thy Will, O Lord, it was thy Word.  
 Thy Word it was thy Deed.

Thou brought'st forth *Adam* from the Ground,  
 And *Eve* out of his Side,

Thy Blessings made the Earth abound  
 With these Two multiply'd.

4.

Those three great Leaves, Heaven, Sea and Land,  
 Thy Name in Figures shew,

Brutes feel the Bounty of thy Hand,  
 But I my Maker know.

Should not I here thy Servant be  
 Whose Creatures serve me here?

My Lord, whom should I fear but Thee,  
 Who am thy Creatures Fear?

5.

To whom, Lord, should I Sing but Thee,  
The Maker of my Tongue !

Lo ! other Lords would Seize on Me,  
But I to Thee belong.

As Waters hast unto their Sea,  
And Earth unto its Earth ;

So let my Soul return to Thee,  
From whom it had its Birth.

6.

But ah ! I'm fallen in the Night,  
And cannot come to Thee.

Yet speak the Word, *Let there be Light*;  
It shall Enlighten me.

And let thy Word, most Mighty Lord,  
Thy Fallen Creature raise,

O make me o're again, and I  
Shall Sing my Makers praise.

#### IV. *A Song of Praise for Preservation.*

1.

**T**HOU Lord who raised'st Heaven and Earth,  
Dost make thy Building stand,  
The Weight whereof doth wholly Rest  
On thy Almighty Hand.

Should'st thou withdraw thy Hand of might,  
The Earth would quit its place.

The shining Heaven would vanish streight  
Into meer empty Space.

2.

For as that Liquors Scent remains,  
Which first the Cask did Fill ;  
So Feeble Creatures hold the Scent  
Of their first nothing still.  
Lord, What is man, that Child of Pride,  
That boasts his High degree ?  
If one poor moment he be Left,  
He Sinks, and where is He?

3.

In Thee I Live and Move, and am,  
Thou deal'st me out my days.  
As thou renew'st my Being, Lord,  
Let me renew thy praise.  
From thee I am, through thee I am,  
And for thee I must be.  
'Tis better for Me not to live,  
Then not to live to thee.

4.

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,  
By whose bright Beams I shine.  
As thou, Lord, ever art with Me,  
Let me be ever thine.  
Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,  
Whose streams on me do flow.  
My self I render unto thee,  
To whom my self I owe.

5.

Asthou, Lord, an Immortal Soul  
Hast Breathed into me;



So let my Soul be Breathing forth  
Immortal Thanks to Thee.

V. *A Song of Praise for Provision.*

1.

Come, let us praise our Masters Hand,  
Which gives us daily Bread.  
Thy House, my Lord, is full of Guests,  
Thy Table Richly Spread.  
Earth is thy Table, where thy Guests  
Do daily Sit and Feed.  
Thy Hand Carves every one his part,  
And suffers None to need.

2.

Naked came I into the World,  
And nothing with me brought ;  
And Nothing have I here deserv'd,  
Yet have I lacked Naught.  
I do not Bless my Labouring Hand,  
My Labouring Head or Chance,  
Thy Providence, most Gracious God,  
Is mine Inheritance.

3.

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,  
A Table free from Strife.  
Thy Blessing is the Staffe of Bread,  
Which is the Staffe of Life.  
The People Sate in Companies,  
My Saviour Fed them all;

So all the Families of the Earth  
Have Tables in Gods Hall.

4.

The Vine and Olive Branches too  
Are Nourished by thy Care,  
Mercies we Eat, Mercies we drink,  
Mercies we daily wear.

Shall I repine against my God  
That kept me all my days?  
Then let my Tongue forget to tast,  
When it forgets to praise.

VI. *A Song of Praise for Protection.*

1.

**M**Y God, my only Help and Hope,  
My strong and sure Defence:  
For all my safety and my peace  
I bless thy Providence.  
The daily Favours of my God  
I cannot Sing at large.  
Yet let me make this Holy Boast,  
I am the Almighty's Charge.

2.

Lord, in the day thou art about  
The paths wherein I tread,  
And in the Night, when I lye down,  
Thou art about my Bed:  
I travel thro' the Wilderness,  
Free from the Beasts of prey.

The Wolves and Lions mouths are stop'd,  
The Serpents creep away.

3.

In Preservation God Creates,  
Delivers in Protection.  
Lord, every Moment of my Life,  
Is like a Resurrection.  
A thousand Deaths I daily 'scape,  
I pass by many a Pit,  
I Sail by many dreadful Rocks,  
Where Others have been split.

4.

I see blind People with mine Eyes,  
To Hospitals I walk,  
I hear of them that cannot hear,  
And of the Dumb I talk.  
Lord, what am I that thou should'st shew  
Such Favour unto me?  
My Bones and Senses, all must say,  
Lord, who is like to Thee?

VII. *A Song of Praise for Health.*

1.

**H**ealth is a Jewel dropt from Heav'n,  
Which Money cannot buy,  
The Life of Life, the Bodies peace  
And pleasant Harmony.  
Lord, who hath Turn'd my outward Man  
To such a lively Frame,

Skrew up my Heart-strings all, to make  
Sweet Melody to thy Name.

2.

Whilst Others in God's Prisons lie,  
Bound with Afflictions Chains ;  
I walk at large, secure and free  
From Sicknes and from Pains :  
Their Life is Death, their Language groans,  
Their Meat is Juice of Galls ;  
Their Friends, but strangers ; Wealth but want,  
Their Houses Prison walls.

3.

Their earnest Cries do pierce the Skies,  
And shall I silent be ?  
Lord, was I sick, as I am well,  
Thou should'st have heard from me.  
The Sick have not more cause to pray,  
Than I to praise my King.  
Since Nature teaches them to groan,  
Let Grace teach me to sing.

4.

I see my Friends, I taste my Meat,  
I'm free for my Employ :  
But when I do enjoy my God,  
Then I my self enjoy.  
Lord, who dost set me on my Feet,  
Direct me in thy ways.  
O Crown thy Gift of Health with Grace,  
And turn it to thy Praise.

VIII. *A Song of Praise for Family-Prosperity.*

1.

**T**hy Blessing, Lord, doth multiply  
 One *Jacob* to two Bands,  
 One Person to a Family,  
 Which through thy Blessing stands.  
 On all my Flock both great and small  
 Thy Sun doth Sweetly Shine.  
 Thy fruitful drops do gently fall  
 On every Branch of mine.

2.

Thy Blessing made the Loaves to grow.  
 And Multitudes were Fed.  
 My House is Fill'd and Feasted too.  
 It is an House of Bread.  
 How can I hear my Children Sing,  
 And not Sing unto thee?  
 Since they glad News from Heav'n do bring,  
 My God must hear from me.

3.

Mine Olive Branches and my Vine  
 Thrive by my Tables Side,  
 Whilst others wither and decline,  
 Who in Deaths Shade abide.  
 With Cov'nant-Blood my Posts are Red,  
 'Tis on my Lintle found.  
 And Lo ! the Line of Scarlet Thread  
 Is on my window bound.

4.

'Tis not, my God, my self alone,  
 But mine, to Thee I owe.  
 Thou mad'st me many out of one,  
 So let thy Praises grow.  
 Whatever Lord is done to thine,  
 Thou count'st it done to Thee :  
 And whatsoever's done to mine,  
 I Count it done to Me.

5.

Let me be ever good to thine,  
 Who art so good to me !  
 Let thine be mine and mine be thine,  
 And they twice mine shall be ;  
 Then shall my House a Temple be,  
 Then I and mine shall Sing  
*Hosanna's* to thy Majesty,  
 And praise our Heavenly King.

IX. *A Song of Praise for good Success in Honest  
 Affairs.*

I.

**I**S not the Hand of God in this :  
 Is not this End divine ?  
 Lord of Success, Thee will I bless,  
 Who on my paths do'st shine.  
 I Reap the Fruit of Gods Design,  
 By Him it was foreseen,

He

He thought of this as well as I,  
Or it had never been.

2.

I Blindly guess'd, but he foreknew,  
I wish'd, he did Command.

Wherefore I praise his careful Eye  
And his Unerring Hand.

The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,  
Aim taken in the Dark.

A Providential Hand doth Guide  
The Arrow to the Mark.

3.

Except the Lord the City keep,  
The Watchmen will be slain.

Except the Lord do Build the House  
The Builder Builds in Vain.

Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,  
When thou send'st Curse or Flame.

And labouring Heads that promise Fruit  
Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

4.

But thou hast Crown'd my Actions, Lord,  
With good Success to day.

This Crown together with my self  
At thy blest Feet I lay.

Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper Me,  
To bless me in my ways.

Prosper my weak endeavouring Heart  
Which Aimeth at thy praise.

X. *A Song of Praise for the Morning.*

1.

**M**Y God was with me all this Night,  
 And gave Me sweet Repose ;  
 My God did watch even whilst I slept,  
 Or I had never Rose.  
 How many groan'd and wish'd for Sleep,  
 Until they wish'd for day.  
 Measuring slow Hours with their quick pains,  
 Whilst I securely lay !

2.

Whilst I did sleep all dangers slept ;  
 No Thieves did me affright,  
 Those Evening Wolves, those Beasts of prey,  
 Disturbers of the Night.  
 No Raging Flames nor storms did Rend  
 The House that I was in.  
 I heard no dreadful Cries without,  
 No doleful Groans within.

3.

What Terrours have I 'Scap'd this Night,  
 Which have on Others Fell,  
 My Body might have slept its last,  
 My Soul have wak'd in Hell.  
 Sweet Rest hath gain'd that Strength to Me,  
 Which Labour did Devour.  
 My Body was in weakness Sown,  
 But it is Rais'd in power.

Lol



4.

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night,  
My humble Thanks I pay.  
And unto Thee I dedicate  
The first Fruits of the day.  
Let this day praise Thee, O my God.  
And so let all my days.  
And O let mine Eternal day,  
Be thine Eternal praise.

XI. *A Song of Praise for the Evening.*

1.

NOW from the Altar of my Heart,  
Let Incense Flames arise,  
Assist me, Lord, to offer up  
Mine Evening Sacrifice.  
Awake, my Love; Awake, my Joy;  
Awake my Heart and Tongue.  
Sleep not when Mercies loudly call;  
Break forth into a Song.

2.

Man's Life's a Book of History,  
The Leaves thereof are days.  
The Letters Mercies closely Joyn'd,  
The Title is thy Praise.  
This day God was my Sun and Shield,  
My Keeper and my Guide.  
His care was on my Frailty shown,  
His Mercies multiply'd.

3.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd  
 Have made up all this day;  
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were  
 More Fleet and free than they.  
 New time, new Favours and new Joys  
 Do a new Song require.  
 Till I shall praise Thee as I would,  
 Accept my Hearts desire.

4.

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath Set  
 New Time upon my Score,  
 Then shall I praise for all my Time,  
 When Time shall be no more.

XII. *A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ*

1.

**A** Way dark thoughts. Awake, my Joy.  
 Awake, my Glory, Sing,  
 Sing Songs to Celebrate the Birth  
 Of *Jacobs* God and King.  
 O happy Night, that brought forth Light,  
 Which makes the Blind to see!  
 The day Spring from on High came down  
 To Cheer and Visit Thee.

2.

Wakeful Shepherds near their Flocks,  
 Were watching for the Morn.  
 When News from Heav'n was brought,  
 Your Saviour is Born.

In *Bethlem*-Town the Infant Lies  
Within a place obscure.

O Little *Bethlem*, poor in walls,  
But Rich in Furniture?

3.

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,  
Hither the Angels Fly.

Heark how the Heavenly Quire doth Sing,  
*Glory to God on High.*

The News is Spread; the Church is glad,

*Simeon*, o'come with Joy,  
Sings with the Infant in his Arms,  
*Now let thy Servant die.*

4.

Wise Men from far beheld the Star,  
Which was their faithful Guide,  
Until it pointed forth the Babe,  
And him they glorified.

Do Heaven and Earth Rejoice and Sing,  
Shall we our Christ deny?

He's Born for us, and we for Him.  
*Glory to God on High.*

XIII. *A Song of Praise for Christ.*

1.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price.  
My Heart doth Sing for Joy.

And Sing I must. A Christ I have.

O what a Christ have I!

## Songs of Praise

Christ is the Way, the Truth and Life.  
 The Way to God and Glory :  
 Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types.  
 The Truth of Ancient Story.

2.

Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King :  
 A Prophet full of Light :  
 A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man.  
 A King that Rules with Might.  
 Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where,  
 The Altar, God doth Rest.  
 My Christ, He is the Sacrifice.  
 My Christ, He is the Priest.

3.

My Christ, He is the Lord of Lords,  
 He is the King of Kings  
 He is the Sun of Righteousness  
 With Healing in his Wings.  
 My Christ, He is the Tree of Life  
 Which in God's Garden grows,  
 Whose Fruits do Feed, whose Leaves do Heal,  
 My Christ is *Sharons* Rose.

4

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,  
 My Physick and my Health ;  
 My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,  
 My Glory and my Wealth.  
 Christ is my Father and my Friend,  
 My Brother and my Love ;  
 My Head, my Hope, my Counsellour,  
 My Advocate above.

M.

to Almighty God.

5.

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven,  
My Christ what shall I call ?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is All in All,

XIV. *A Son of Praise for Redemption.*

1.

O That I had an Angels Tongue,  
That I might loudly Sing  
The Wonders of Redeeming Love,  
To Thee my God and King.  
But Man, who at the Gates of Hell,  
Did Pale and Speechless Lye,  
Must find a Tongue and Time to speak,  
Or else the Stones will cry.

2.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord  
Their thankful Voices raise.  
Can we be Dumb, whilst Angels Sing  
Our great Redeemers Praise ?  
Come let us joyn with Angels then,  
*Glory to God on High.*  
*Peace upon Earth, Good will to Men.*  
Amen, Amen, say I.

3.

Poor Adam's Race was Sathans prey,  
And Dust the Serpent's Food.  
We that were doom'd to be devour'd,  
Naked and Trembling stood.

A Wise Eternal pity then  
 Did helpless Man befriend.  
 Our Help did in Gods Bosom Lie,  
 And thence it did descend.

4.

Love Clothed with Humility,  
 Built here an House of Clay.  
 In which it dwelt, and Rescu'd Man;  
 The Devil lost his prey.  
 The spiteful Serpent bruis'd Christs Heel,  
 But then Christ brake his Head,  
 And left Him Nail'd upon the Cross,  
 On which his Blood was shed.

5.

Sing and triumph in boundless Grace,  
 Which thus hath set us free,  
 Extol with shouts, my saved Soul,  
 Thy Saviours Love to thee.  
 Give Endless Thanks to God and say,  
 What Love was this in thee,  
 That thou hast not with-held thy Son,  
 Thine only Son from Me.

6.

What were Ten Thousand VVorlds to him,  
 Thine Image and Delight,  
 Had we been all cast down to Hell,  
 Justice had had its Right.  
 Thy Glory might have been distrain'd,  
 Our Torments should Express  
 Thy Pureness, Justice, Might and Truth,  
 And Everlastingness.

Thus

to Almighty God.

2,

7.

Thus, Lord thy dreadful Attributes,  
Man might have serv'd to prove :  
Thy Glorious Angels would have Sung  
The Riches of thy Love.  
VVould'st thou have active VVorshippers,  
Besides the Angels Quire?  
Millions had Issu'd at thy VVord,  
As Sparks arise from Fire.

8.

Mans Room had quickly been Supply'd,  
For, Lord, at thy Command  
A New Creation should appear ;  
Thy Grace could make them stand.  
Or would'st thou shew thy pity, Lord?  
Thou might'st have looked then  
On Fallen Angels, Fallen Stars,  
And not on Fallen Men.

9.

But fallen Angels must be left,  
And Fallen Men must rise,  
For this the Son of God must Fall,  
A Bloody Sacrifice.  
Thy Deep and Glorious Councils, Lord,  
VVith Trembling I Adore.  
Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,  
Blessed for evermore.

XV. *A Song of Praise for the Gospel.*

1.

**B**lest be my God that I was Born,  
 To hear the Joyful Sound ;  
 That I was Born to be Baptiz'd,  
 And Bred on Holy Ground.  
 That I was Bred where God appears,  
 In tokens of his Grace ;  
 The Lines are Fallen unto me  
 In a most pleasant place.

2.

I might have been a Pagan Bred,  
 Or else a Veiled Jew,  
 Or Cheated with an *Alcoran*  
 Among the Turkish Crew.  
 Dumb Pictures might have been my Books,  
 Dark Language my Devotion,  
 And so I might with blinded Eyes  
 Have drunk a deadly Potion.

3.

So in a Dungeon dark as Night  
 I might have Spent my days,  
 But thou hast sent me Gospel Light,  
 To thine Eternal praise.  
 The Sun which rose up in the East  
 And drove their Shades away ;  
 His Healing VVings have reach'd the VVest  
 And turn'd our Night to Day.

*England*



to Almighty God.

4.

*England* at first an *Egypt* was,  
Since that proud *Babels* Slave ;  
At last a *Canaan* it became,  
And then my Birth it gave.  
Blest be my God that I have slept  
The dismal Night away,  
Being kept in Providence's VVomb  
To *England's* brightest Day.

5.

Blest be my God for what I see,  
My God for what I hear ;  
I hear such blessed News from Heaven,  
Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.  
I hear my Lord for Me was born,  
My Lord for Me did dye ;  
My Lord for me did Rise again,  
And did Ascend on High.

6.

On High he stands to plead my Cause,  
And will return again,  
And set Me on a Glorious Throne,  
That I with Him may Reign.  
*Glory to God the Father be,*  
*Glory to God the Son :*  
*Glory to God the Holy Ghost :*  
*Glory to God Alone.*

XVI. *A Song of Praise for a Gospel-Ministry.*

1.

**F**air are the Feet which bring the News  
 Of Gladness unto Me;  
 What Happy Messengers are these,  
 Which my blest'd Eyes do see!  
 These are the Stars which God appoints  
 For Guides unto my Eyes;  
 To lead me unto *Bethlem-Town*,  
 Where my dear Saviour Lies.

2.

These are my Gods Ambassadors,  
 By whom his Mind I know,  
 God's Angels in his lower Heav'n,  
 God's Trumpeters below.  
 The Trumpet sounds, the Dead arise,  
 Which fell by *Adam's* Hand;  
 Again the Trumpet sounds, and they  
 Set forth for *Canaan's* Land.

3.

The Servants speak, but thou, Lord, dost  
 A hearing Ear bestow:  
 They smite the Rock, but thou, my God,  
 Dost make the Waters flow.  
 They shoot the Arrow, but thy Hand  
 Doth drive the Arrow home.  
 They call, but, Lord, thou dost Compel,  
 And then thy Guests are come.

Angels

4.

Angels that flie, and Worms that creep,  
Are both alike to Thee.

If thou mak'st Worms thine Angels, Lord,  
They bring my God to me.

As Sons of Thunder first they come,

And I the Lightning fear ;

But then they bring me to my Home,

And Sons of Comfort are.

5.

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,

That I might never stray ;

The Clouds and Pillars march before,

And shew me *Canaans* way.

I bless my God, who is my Guide ;

I sing in *Sions* ways.

When shall I sing on *Sions* Hill

Thine Everlasting Praise ?

XVII. *A Song of Praise for Holy Baptism.*

1.

**L**ord, what is Man, that Lump of Sin,

Made up of Earth and Hell,

Not fit to come within the Camp

Where Holy Angels dwell ?

Man is a Leper from the Womb,

An *Ethiopian* born,

A Traitor's Guilty Son and Heir,

Worthy of pain and scorn.

And

2.

And dost thou look on such a One ?  
 Are not thine Eyes most pure ?  
 But they are Eyes of Pity too,  
 Where Griefs do beg a Cure.  
 This Leper is a Loathsome Sight,  
 But Pity casts an Eye,  
 And bids him wash in *Jordan's* Streams,  
 To Cure his Leprosie.

3.

This *Ethiopian* Skin is chang'd,  
 And made as white as Snow.  
 When dipt in wonder-working Streams,  
 Which from Christ's Side did flow.  
 As *Adam* slept, and from his Side  
 A Killing *Eve* arose :  
 From my pierc'd Lord (that smitten Rock)  
 A pure Life-Fountain flows.

4.

Ah what a Tainted wretch is Man!  
 And so he must have stood.  
 But lo! an Act of Sovereign Grace  
 Restores him to his Blood.  
 Save me, my God ; for I am thine,  
 Lord, own thy Seal to me.  
 O wash my Soul till it be cleans'd  
 And purifi'd for Thee.

5.

Blest above Streams is *Jordan's* Flood,  
 Which toucheth *Canaan's* Shore.

I'll sing thy Praise in *Jordan's* Streams,  
In *Canaan* evermore.

XVIII. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's Supper.*

I.

**O** Praise the Lord ! praise him, praise him,  
Sing Praises to his Name.  
O all ye Saints of Heav'n and Earth,  
Extol and laud the same.  
VVho spared not his only Son,  
But gave Him for us all,  
And made Him drink the Cup of VVrath,  
The VVormwood and the Gall.

2.

Frail Nature shrunk, and did request  
That bitter Cup might pass;  
But he must drink it off, and this  
The Fathers pleasure was.  
*Lo then I come to do thy Will,*  
His blessed Son reply'd,  
Yielding Himself to God and Man,  
He stretch'd his Arms and dy'd.

3.

He Dy'd indeed, but Rose again,  
And did Ascend on high,  
That we poor Sinners lost and dead,  
Might Live Eternally,  
Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell,  
Doth Vengeance vex and tear,

VVere

Were it not for a Dying Christ,  
Our Dwelling had been there.

4.

His Blood was shed instead of ours,  
His Soul our Hell did bear,  
He took our Sin, gave us Himself,  
What an Exchange is here!  
Whatever is not Hell it self,  
For me it is too good.  
But must we Eat the Flesh of Christ?  
And must we Drink his Blood?

5.

His Flesh is Heav'nly Food indeed,  
His Blood is Drink Divine,  
His Graces drop like Honey falls,  
His Comforts taste like Wine.  
Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls,  
With thine abundant Grace;  
For which we magnifie thy Name,  
Longing to see thy Face.

6.

VVhen shall our Souls mount up to Thee,  
Most Holy, Just and True,  
To eat that Bread, and drink that VVine,  
VVhich is for ever New?

XIX. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's Day.*

I.

**M**Y Lord, my Love was Crucified;  
He all the pains did bear:

But

But in the Sweetness of his Rest  
He makes his Servants share.  
How sweetly Rest thy Saints above,  
VVhich in thy bosom lie ?  
Thy Church below doth Rest in hope  
Of that Felicity.

2.

Thou, Lord, who daily Feed'st thy Sheep,  
Mak'st them a weekly Feast.  
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds  
Upon this Day of Rest.  
VVelcom and dear unto my Soul,  
Are these sweet Feasts of Love.  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,  
VVhen I shall Rest above !

3.

I bless thy wise and wondrous Love,  
VVhich binds us to be Free :  
VVhich makes us leave our Earthly Snare,  
That we may come to Thee.  
Come, I VVait, I Hear, I Pray,  
Thy Footsteps, Lord, I trace.  
sing to think this is the way  
Unto my Saviours Face.

4.

These are my Preparation-days ;  
And when my Soul is Drest,  
These Sabbaths shall deliver me  
To mine Eternal Rest.

XX. *Another.*

1.

**B**lest Day of God, most calm, most bright,  
 The first and best of Days;  
 The Lab'ours Rest, the Saints delight,  
 A day of Mirth and Praise.  
 My Saviour's Face did make thee shine,  
 His Rising did thee raise.  
 This made thee Heavenly and Divine,  
 Beyond the common Days.

2.

The First-fruits do a Blessing prove  
 To all the Sheaves behind.  
 And they that do a Sabbath love,  
 An happy Week shall find.  
 My Lord on Thee his Name did fix;  
 Which makes Thee Rich and Gay.  
 Amidst his Golden Candlesticks  
 My Saviour walks this day.

3

He walks in's Robes, his Face shines Bright;  
 The Stars are in his Hand.  
 Out of his Mouth that place of Might,  
 A Two edg'd Sword doth stand.  
 Grac'd with our Lord's Appearance thus;  
 As well as with his Name.  
 Thou may'st demand Respect from us  
 Upon a double Claim.

This



4.

This day God doth his Vessels broach ;  
 His Conduits run with Wine,  
 He that loves not this days approach,  
 Scorns Heaven and Saviours shine.  
 What Slaves are those who Slav'ry chuse,  
 And Garlick for their Feast,  
 Whilst Milk and Honey they refuse,  
 And the Almighty's Rest ?

5.

This Market-day doth Saints enrich,  
 And smiles upon them all,  
 It is their *Pentecost*, on which  
 The Holy Ghost doth fall.  
 O Day of Wonders ! Mercies pawn,  
 The weary Souls Recruit,  
 The Christians *Goshen*, Heavens Dawn,  
 The Bud of Endless Fruit !

6.

Oh could I love as I have lov'd  
 Thy Watches heretofore ;  
 As *England's* Glory thou hast prov'd,  
 May'st thou be so yet more.  
 This day must I for God appear,  
 For, Lord, the day is thine.  
 O let me spend it in thy Fear !  
 Then shall the day be mine.

7.

Cease Work and play throughout the day,  
 That I to God may rest.

Now let me Talk with God, and Walk  
With God, and I am blest.

XXI. *A Song of Praise for the Patience of God.*

I.

**A**lmighty God, how hast thou born  
Wrongs not to be exprest,  
Daring Rebellion, Injur'd Love,  
Light quenched in my Breast!  
Man would be God, and down he fell,  
To teach him better Skill:  
Yet he lifts up his bruised Bones  
Against his Maker still.

2.

Lord, what a Monster is base Man,  
Thus given to Rebel!  
O that thou dost not cleave the Earth,  
And send him quick to Hell!  
His Sins for Wages loudly Cry,  
Justice with dreadful sound  
Cries too, Cut down this fruitless Tree,  
Why cumpers it the Ground?

3.

But God waves his Advantages  
Of Right and Vengeance too,  
And by his single Patience  
Doth daring Man out-do.  
The Creature doth disdain his God,  
By whom he is Maintain'd.

Yet

Yet God Maintains this Rebel-worm,  
By whom he is disdain'd.

4.

Fool, ask not where th'Almighty is,  
All Glory to Him give.  
Is not his Power fully prov'd  
In suff'ring Thee to Live?  
Was he not God, he could not bear  
Such Weights as on Him lie;  
Weak things are quickly set on Fire,  
And to their Weapons flie.

5.

Why should not Patience make me sing,  
When Hell would make me roar?  
Lord, let thy Patience end in Love,  
I'll sing for evermore.

XXII. *A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.*

1.

**M**Y God a God of Pardon is,  
His Bosom gives me Ease,  
I have not, do not please my God,  
Yet Mercy Him doth please.  
My Sins aloud for Vengeance call,  
But lo! a Fountain springs  
From Christ's pierc'd Side, which louder cries,  
And speaketh better things.

2.

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,  
But Mercies Height exceeds. God's

God's Mercy is above the Heav'ns,  
Above my sinful deeds.

My Sins are many, like the Stars,  
Or Sands upon the Shore;  
But yet the Mercies of my God  
Are infinitely more.

My Sins in bigness do arise<sup>3.</sup>  
Like Mountains Great and Tall,  
But Mercy, like a mighty Sea,  
Covers these Mountains all.  
This is a Sea that's Bottomless,  
A Sea without a Shore.  
For where Sin hath abounded much,  
Mercy abounds much more.

*Manasseh, Paul and Magdalen,*<sup>4</sup>  
Were pardon'd all by Thee.  
I read it, and believe it, Lord,  
For thou hast pardon'd Me.  
When God shall search the World for Sin,  
What trembling will be there?  
O Rocks and Mountains cover us,  
Will be the Sinner's Prayer.

But the Lamb's Wrath they need not fear,<sup>5.</sup>  
Who once have felt his Love.  
And they that walk with God below,  
Shall dwell with God above.  
Rage, Earth and Hell, come Life, come Death,  
Yet still my Song shall be, God

God was, and is, and will be good  
And merciful to Me.

XXIII. *A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience.*

1.

**M**Y God, my reconciled God,  
Creator of my Peace,  
Thee will I love, and praise and sing,  
Till Life and Breath shall cease.  
My thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,  
'Twas like a troubled Sea.  
But what a Mighty Voice is this  
Which winds and waves obey!

2.

God spake the word, *Peace and be still*,  
My Sins, those Mutineers  
With speed went off and took their flight.  
Where now are all my fears?  
The World can neither give nor take,  
Nor yet can understand  
That Peace of God, which Christ hath bought,  
And gives me with his Hand.

3.

This is my Saviour's Legacy,  
Confirm'd by his Decease;  
Ye shall have Trouble in the World,  
In Me ye shall have Peace.  
And so it is; The World doth rage,  
But Peace in me doth Reign.

And whilst my God maintains the Fort,  
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

4.

The Burning Bush was not consum'd,  
VVhilst God remained there:  
The Three, when Christ did make the Fourth,  
Found Fire as weak as Air.  
So is my Mem'ry stuff'd with Sins,  
Enough to make an Hell;  
And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd,  
For God in Me doth dwell.

5.

Where God doth dwell, sure Heav'n is there,  
And Singing there must be.  
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heav'n,  
Whom should I sing but Thee?  
My God, my reconciled God,  
Creator of my Peace,  
Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,  
Till Life and Breath shall cease.

XXIV. *A Song of Praise for Joy in the H. Ghost.*

1.

**M**Y Soul doth magnifie the Lord,  
My Spirit doth rejoyce  
In God my Saviour, and my God,  
I hear his joyful Voice.  
I need not go abroad for Joy,  
Who have a Feast at Home.

My

My Sighs are turned into Songs.  
The Comforter is come.

2.

Down from above the blessed Dove  
Is come into my Breast,  
To witness God's Eternal Love;  
This is my Heav'nly Feast.  
This makes me *Abba Father* cry,  
With confidence of Soul,  
It makes me cry, my Lord, my God,  
And that without controul.

3.

There is a Stream, which Issues forth  
From God's Eternal Throne,  
And from the Lamb; a living Stream,  
Clear as the Crystal Stone;  
This Stream doth water Paradise,  
It makes the Angels sing;  
One Cordial drop revives my Heart,  
Hence all my Joys do spring.

4.

Such Joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of Glory too,  
Such hidden *Manna*, hidden Pearls,  
As worldlings do not know.  
Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,  
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,  
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine;  
And hast to me reveal'd.

5.

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,  
 I taste thy sweetest Love ;  
 My Soul doth leap ; but O for wings,  
 The wings of *Noah's Dove* !  
 Then should I Flee far hence away,  
 Leaving this world of Sin ;  
 Then should my Lord put forth his Hand,  
 And kindly take me in.

6.

Then should my Soul with Angels Feast  
 On Joys that always last ;  
 Blest be my God, the God of Joy,  
 Who gives Me here a Taste.

XXV. *A Song of Praise for Grace.*

1.

**O** God of Grace, who hast Restor'd  
 Thine Image unto Me,  
 Which by my Sins was quite defac'd,  
 What shall I render Thee ?  
 Thine Image and Inscription, Lord,  
 Upon my Heart I bear ;  
 Thine own I render unto Thee,  
 O God, my God most dear.

2.

My self I owe Thee for my self,  
 Whom Thou didst make of Earth.  
 But Thou hast made me o're again,  
 Thou gav'st a Second Birth.

Twice



Twice born, and twice endu'd with Life,  
I haste to come to Thee,  
To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my Heart,  
With all Humility.

3.

O was I Born first from Beneath !  
And then Born from Above !  
Am I a Child of Man and God ?  
O Rich and Endless Love !  
When I had broke the Tables, Lord,  
New Tables thou didst Hew,  
And with thy Finger didst Engrave  
Thy Laws on them anew.

4.

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurse,  
And Earth must be my Tomb.  
Yet God, the God of Heav'n and Earth,  
My Father is become.  
Hell enter'd Me, and into Hell  
I quickly should have Run.  
But O ! kind Heav'n laid hold on Me ;  
Heav'n is in Me begun.

5.

This Spark will rise into a Flame,  
This Seed into a Tree ;  
My Songs shall rise, my Praises shall  
Loud *Hallelujahs* be.

XXVI. *A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer*

1.

**W**Hat are the Heav'ns, O God of Heav'n  
 Thou art more bright, more high.  
 What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints  
 To thy bright Majesty !  
 Thou'rt far above the Songs of Heav'n,  
 Sung by the Holy Ones.  
 And dost thou stoop and bow thine Ear  
 To a poor Sinners groans !

2.

God minds the Language of my Heart,  
 My Groans and Sighs he hears.  
 He hath a Book for my Request,  
 A Bottle for my Tears.  
 But did not my dear Saviour's Blood  
 First wash away their Guilt,  
 My Sighs would prove but empty Air,  
 My Tears would all be spilt.

3.

Lord, thine Eternal Spirit was  
 My Advocate within ;  
 But O ! my Smoke joyn'd with thy Flame,  
 My Prayer was mixt with Sin.  
 But then Christ was my Altar, and  
 My Advocate above.  
 His Blood did clear my Prayer, and gain'd  
 An Answer full of Love.

It

4.

It could not be that thou shouldst hear  
A Mortal sinful Worm.

But that my Prayers presented are  
In a more glorious Form.

Christ's precious Hands took my Requests,  
And turn'd my Dross to Gold;  
His Blood put warmth into my Prayers,  
Which were by Nature cold.

5.

Thou heard'st my Groans for Jesus sake,  
Whom thou dost hear always.

Lord, hear through that prevailing Name  
My Voice of Joy and Praise.

XXVII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance  
from Enemies.*

1.

**G**reat God, who dost the World com-  
mand,

Thou check'st both winds and waves.  
The Devils, which like Lions Roar,  
Are thine Enchained Slaves.

The Sons of Rage are smoking Brands,  
And Idols fear'd in vain;

Thou Lord, the only, only God  
Their Fury dost restrain.

Thou,

2.

Thou, Lord, didst smoothe fierce *Eſau's* Brow,  
And change his Murm'ring Breath;  
Thou gav' it to him a Brothers Heart,  
Who vow'd his Brothers Death.  
Angels have Arm'd at thy Command;  
And Stars have shot their Dart;  
Nature hath fought; and Miracles  
Have took thy Churches part.

3.

Thee, Lord, who still thy Church doſt love,  
All Creatures muſt obey.  
And when for Thine thou doſt ariſe,  
Their En'mies, where are they?  
I cry'd to Heav'n in my Diſtreſs;  
I to my God did flee;  
He with Compaſſion heard my Cry,  
He did Ariſe for Me.

4.

With humble Fear, and thankful Joy,  
Lord, at thy Feet I fall,  
Unfeignedly acknowledging,  
That Thou alone doſt all.  
Thou art all Pow'r, thou art all Love,  
And ſo thou art to Me.  
Bleſt be my God, now and henceforth,  
And to Eternity.

XXVIII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from  
Spiritual Troubles.*

1.

**I** That am drawn out of the Depth,  
Will sing upon the Shore.  
I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,  
Pure Mercy will adore.  
The Terrours of the Living God,  
My Soul did so affright,  
I fear'd, lest I should be condemn'd  
To an Eternal Night.

2.

Kind was the Pity of my Friends,  
But could not Ease my Smart;  
Their words indeed did reach my Case,  
But could not reach my Heart.  
Ah, then what was this World to Me,  
To whom God's Word was dark!  
Who in my Dungeon cou'd not see  
One Beam or shining Spark.

3.

What then were all the Creatures Smiles,  
When the Creator frown'd?  
My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,  
My Being was my Wound.  
Tortur'd and wrack'd with Hellish fears,  
When God the Blow should give,  
Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,  
Then Mercy bid Me live.

God's

4.

God's Furnace doth in *Sion* stand,  
 But *Sion's* God sits by ;  
 As the Refiner views his Gold  
 With an observant Eye.  
 God's Thoughts are high, his Love is wise,  
 His Wounds a Cure intend,  
 And tho' He doth not always smile,  
 He loves unto the end.

5.

Thy Love is constant to its Line,  
 Tho' Clouds oft come between.  
 O could my Faith but pierce these Clouds,  
 It might be always seen.  
 But I am weak, and forc'd to cry,  
 Take up my Soul to Thee.  
 Then as thou ever art the same,  
 So shall I ever be.

6.

Then shall I ever, ever sing,  
 Whilst thou dost ever Shine.  
 I have thine own dear Pledge for this,  
 Lord, thou art ever mine.

XXIX. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from  
 Imminent Dangers of Death.*

I.

**L**ord of my Life, length of my Days,  
 Thy Hand hath rescu'd me,  
 Who lying at the Gates of Death  
 Among the Dead was free.

My

My dearest Friends I had resign'd  
Unto their Makers Care ;  
Me thought I only time had left  
For a concluding Prayer.

2.

Me thoughts Death laid his Hand on me,  
And did his Pris'ner bind ;  
And by the sound me thought I heard  
His Masters Feet behind.  
Me thoughts I stood upon the Shore,  
And nothing could I see,  
But the Vast *Ocean* with my Eyes,  
A Vast Eternity.

3.

Me thoughts I heard the Midnight Cry,  
Behold the Bridegroom comes.  
Me thoughts I was call'd to the Bar,  
Where Souls receive their Dooms.  
The World was at an End to me,  
As if it all did Burn.  
But lo ! there came a Voice from Heav'n,  
Which order'd my Return.

4.

Lord, I return'd at thy Command ;  
What wilt thou have me do ?  
O let me wholly live to Thee,  
To whom my Life I ow !  
Fain would I dedicate to Thee  
The Remnant of my Days.

Lord, with my Life renew my Heart,  
That both thy Name may praise.

XXX. *A Song of Praise for the Hope of Glory*

I.

**I** Sojourn in a Vale of Tears.  
Alas, how can I sing!  
My Harp doth on the Willows hang,  
Dis-tun'd in every String.  
My Musick is a Captives Chains,  
Harsh Sounds my Ears do fill.  
How shall I sing sweet *Sions* Song  
On this side *Sions* Hill?

2.

Yet lo! I hear a Joyful Sound,  
Surely I quickly come.  
Each word much sweetness doth distil,  
Like a full Honey-Comb.  
And dost thou come, my dearest Lord?  
And dost thou surely come?  
And dost thou surely quickly come?  
Me thinks I am at Home.

3.

Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,  
My sweetest, surest Friend.  
Come, for I loath these *Kedar* Tents,  
Thy Fiery Chariots send.  
What have I here? my Thoughts and Joys  
Are all pack'd up and gone.  
My Eager Soul would follow them  
To thine Eternal Throne.

What



4.

What have I in this Barren Land ?

My Jesus is not here.

My Mine Eyes will ne're be blest until

My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to Heav'n,

To get a Place for me.

For 'tis his Will that where he is,

There should his Servants be.

5.

*Canaan* I view from *Pisgahs* Top ;

Of *Canaans* Grapes I taste.

My Lord who sends unto me here,

Will send for Me at last.

I have a God that changeth not ;

Why should I be perplext ?

My God that owns Me in this World,

Will own Me in the next.

6.

Go fearless then, my Soul, with God,

Into another Room.

Thou who hast walked with him here,

Go see thy God at Home.

View Death with a believing Eye.

It hath an Angels Face.

And this kind Angel will prefer

Thee to an Angels place.

7.

The Grave is but a Fining-Pot

Unto believing Eyes :

For there the Flesh shall lose its dross,  
 And like the Sun shall rise.  
 The world, which I have known too well  
 Hath mock'd me with its Lies.  
 How gladly could I leave behind  
 Its vexing Vanities?

8.

My dearest Friends, they dwell above,  
 Them will I go to see,  
 And all my Friends in Christ below  
 Will soon come after me.  
 Fear not the Trumps Earth rending Sound,  
 Dread not the Day of Doom.  
 For he that is to be thy Judge,  
 Thy Saviour is become.

9.

Blest be my God that gives me Light,  
 Who in the dark did grope.  
 Blest be my God, the God of Love,  
 Who causeth me to hope.  
 Here's the words Signets, Comforts Staff,  
 And here is Graces Chain.  
 But these thy Pledges, Lord, I know  
 My Hopes are not in vain.

XXXI. *A Song of Praises Collected out of the  
 Book of Psalms.*

1.

PSAL. **O** Praise the Lord, Praise Him, pra  
 135. 1. **O** Praise him with one accord.

Pra

Praise Him, Praise Him all ye that be  
The Servants of the Lord.

47. 6. Sing Praises to our God, sing Praise,  
Sing Praises to our King  
Praise to the King of all the Earth,  
With understanding sing.

2.

103. 1. My Soul give Laud unto the Lord,  
My Spirit shall do the same,  
And all the Secrets of my Heart,  
Praise ye his Holy Name.

95. 6. Come let us bow and praise the Lord,  
Before Him let us fall,  
And kneel to him with one accord;  
For He hath made us all.

3.

7. He is the Lord; He is our God,  
For us He doth provide.  
We are his Flock, he doth us feed,  
His Sheep, he doth us guide.

118. 21. I will give Thanks unto the Lord,  
Because he hath heard me,  
And is become most lovingly  
A Saviour unto me.

4.

13. The Lord is my Defence and Strength,  
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song;  
He is become for me indeed  
A Saviour most strong.

28. Thou art my God, I will confess,  
And render Thanks to Thee.

Thou art my God, and I will praise  
Thy Mercy towards Me.

5.

29. O give ye Thanks unto the Lord!  
For gracious is He;

Because his Mercy doth endure  
For ever towards Me.

XXXII. *Another.*

I.

PSAL. **T**O render Thanks unto the Lord,  
26. 6. How great a cause have I!

My Voice, my Prayer, and my Complaint,  
That heard so willingly?

(stay'd,

59. 17. Thou art my Strength, thou hast me  
O Lord, I sing to Thee.

Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,  
A Loving God to me.

2.

73. 25. What thing is there that I can wish  
But Thee in Heav'n above?

And in the Earth there is nothing  
Like Thee that I can love.

36. 9. For why? the Well of Life so pure  
Doth ever flow from Thee;

And in thy Light we are full sure  
The lasting Light to see.

My

3.

27. 15. My heart would faint, but that in me  
This Hope is fixed fast,  
The Lord God's good Grace shall I see  
In Life that ay shall last.

48. 13. For this God is our God, our God,  
For evermore is He.

This God of ours even unto Death  
Our Faithful Guide will be.

4.

17. 17. When I awake, I shall behold  
In Righteousness thy Face.  
And I shall be most like to Thee,  
Even filled with thy Grace.

16. 11. Full Joys are in thy Presence, Lord,  
(A sweet and precious Store)

d, My God, at thy Right Hand there are  
Pleasures for evermore.

5.

103. 21. Ye Angels which are great in Power,  
Praise Ye and bless the Lord,  
Which to obey and do his Will  
Immediately accord.

22. Yea all his Works in every place  
Praise ye his Holy Name.

My Heart, my Mind, and all my Soul,  
For ever praise the same.

XXXIII. *A Song of Praise Collected from the  
Doxologies in the Revelation of St. John.*

I.

Rev. **T**O Him that lov'd us from Himself,  
1. 5. And dy'd to do us good.  
And waih'd us from our Scarlet Sins,  
In his own purest Blood.

6. And made us Kings and Priests to God  
His Father infinite ;  
To Him Eternal Glory be,  
And Everlasting Might.

2.

5. 12. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,  
To have all Power and Wealth,  
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,  
Thanks for his Saving Health.

13. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Power to Him  
That on the Throne doth sit ;  
And to the Lamb for ever and  
For ever so be it.

3.

7. 9. Thousands of thousands of the Saints  
Which stand before their King,  
With shining Robes, and spreading Palms  
Loud *Hallelujahs* sing.

10. Ascribe Salvation to our God  
Who Sits upon the Throne,

And

to Almighty God.

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And to the Lamb, the Glorious Lamb  
Ascribe Salvation.

4.

11. 12. *Amen, Amen*, the Angels cry,  
Salvation is his due.

And we through all Eternity  
His Praises will Renew.

Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,  
Honour and Power then  
Be to our God for evermore,  
For evermore, *Amen*.

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The

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The *Song of Songs* which is *Solomons*, first  
Turned, then Paraphrased in *English* Verse.

The VERSION.

CHAP. I.

- V. 1. *The Song which doth all Songs excel,*  
Written by *Solomon*,  
*The wisest King of Israel,*  
*And Blessed David's Son.*

[ Dialogue. ]

*The Church to Christ.*

2. **C**OME near, come nearer yet and move  
Thy sweetest Lips to mine.  
For why? thy Love (who art all Love)  
Exceeds the Richest Wine.
3. Like to an Ointment poured out  
Is thy sweet Name and Favour;  
Glad Virgins compass Thee about  
For thy good Ointments savour.
5. O draw me with thy Cords of Love!  
We will run after Thee.  
The King into his Rooms above  
Hath now Conducted me.

Thy



Thy Beams will make our Faces shine,  
In Thee we will rejoyce;

Thy Love is more to us than Wine,  
Thou art the Uprights Choice.

5. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
Tho' I am Black, yet Fair;  
Like *Kedars* Tents, like Ornaments  
Which *Solomons* Bed doth wear.

6. Look not with a disdainful Eye  
Upon my Sun-burnt Face.

My Mothers Children rag'd at me,  
And wrought me much disgrace.

Such was their Envy, such their Grudge,  
Their Vines must be inspected,  
Whilst at their Vines I was their Drudge,  
Mine own were quite neglected.

7. But, O Thou whom my Soul doth Love!  
Tell me now from thy Breast,  
Where feeds thy Flock; where doth it move?  
Where is its Noon-Tyde Rest?

Why should I stray and lose my way,  
Till I at last do Fall

Among thy Fellows Flocks, as they  
Themselves do proudly call?

*Christ.*

8. O Fairest Fair! then go and Trace  
The Footsteps of my Sheep,  
And feed my Kids beside the Place  
Where my good Shepherds keep.

9. *My Love, I have compared Thee  
To those Egyptian Mares  
Which in King Pharaohs Chariots flee,  
O Fairest of all Fairs !*
10. *Thy Cheeks are comely to behold,  
Which Rows of Jewels deck.  
Large Chains of pure and shining Gold,  
Adorn thy Royal Neck.*
11. *I and my Father, we will make  
Borders of Gold for Thee,  
With Silver Studs for thy dear sake,  
That thou mayst Richer be.  
The Church.*
12. *The King doth at his Table Sit,  
And I that love Him well  
Do pour my Spikenard on his Feet,  
Which gives a fragrant smell.*
13. *My VVelbeloved is to Me  
A Pomander of Myrrh;  
Betwixt my Breasts all Night shall He  
Be Lodg'd and never stir.*
14. *My VVelbeloved is to Me  
Like Aromatick VVines ;  
Like Clusters of the Camphire Tree,  
Among Engeddi Vines.  
Christ.*
15. *Lo, thou art Fair, my only Love,  
My Love, lo, thou art Fair.*

*Thou art my Love, thou art my Dove,  
Doves Eyes in Thee appear.*

*The Church.*

16. Nay, my Beloved, Thou art Fair.  
My Fairness is from Thee.  
And thou art sweet beyond compare,  
VWhat a green Bed have we !

17. The Beams are Cedars where we dwell,  
So strong they will not stir.  
The Rafter's send a pleasant smell,  
For they are made of Fir.

*The Paraphrase.*

CHAP. I.

1. Now will I sing of Christ the King,  
And of his Church the Queen;  
The Song of Songs to them belongs,  
Where their pure Flames are seen.

[ Dialogue.]

*The Church to Christ.*

2. **L**ET my dear Saviours Love appear  
By some assuring Sign.  
Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul dost chear,  
When thou say'st, I am thine.  
Let others on their Dainties feed,  
And drink the richest Wine ;  
My Feast doth all their Feasts exceed,  
When thou say'st, I am thine.

Thy

3. Thy Word which sounds thy mighty Fame,  
 And how good thou hast been,  
 Doth so revive, that for the same  
 Souls love Thee, tho' unseen;  
 Souls of an Heav'nly make and frame,  
 The Joyful Heirs of Grace,  
 Do tast such Sweetness in thy Name,  
 They long to see thy Face.
- 4 Fain would I, but I cannot move;  
 Sin hath Enfeebled me.  
 O draw me with the Cords of Love!  
 I will Run after Thee.  
 Thou hear'st, thou draw'st, I come, I come,  
 Thy Love (my God) is sweet.  
 Thy Presence Chamber is the Room  
 Where Souls and Joys do meet.  
 Our Earthly Pleasures we forget,  
 To think upon thy Love.  
 All upright Souls their Minds do set  
 On Thee, my Lord, above.
5. Tho' I to Strangers black do seem,  
 And under Foot am trod,  
 Yet am I Fair in Heav'n's esteem,  
 I am the House of God.
6. O do not scorn my outward state!  
 Ye know not what's within.  
 Whom God doth love, how dare ye hate?  
 My Saviour hides my Sin.  
 Profest Church-Members should have brought  
 Some Comfort to my Mind;

But

But did they Treat me as they ought,  
 Alas! they prov'd unkind;  
 Their Anger did my words controul,  
 They Bow'd me to their Will,  
 And so my own immortal Soul  
 Declin'd and Fared ill.

7. Pity my tempted state, O Lord!  
 Whom still I do adore.

O bring Me home by thy good Word!  
 My blessed Soul Restore.

Since, Lord, thy Mercy still abides,  
 Shall I be lost among  
 False Flocks, false Doctrines, and false Guides,  
 Which do thine Honour wrong?

*Christ.*

8. *My Church, to Me the World is dross,  
 And thou a Pearl of Price,  
 And art thou Stray'd and at a Loss?  
 Attend to my Advice.*

*Look back upon my Church of old,  
 And mark which way they went;  
 And let thy Childrens Eyes behold  
 The Pastors I have sent.*

9. *As Pharaohs Horses (Egypt's Pride)  
 Is deem'd the Choicest Breed;  
 So thou my Church, my Fairest Bride,  
 All Fair Ones dost exceed.*

10. *Mans Eyes the outward state behold,  
 Mine Eyes are on thy Heart,*

*Whilst*

*Whilst others shine with Pearl and Gold,  
Through Grace thou lovely art.*

11. *My Soul that loves Thee is so glad  
Thy Stock of Grace to see,  
I and my Father, we will add  
A new supply to Thee.*

*The Church.*

12. *My King doth Sit in Heav'n above,  
Where Angels do attend.  
And from below, my Faith and Love  
Shall to my King ascend.*

13. *My Faith ascends unto my Lord,  
And brings him down to Me.  
My Love a Bosom doth afford,  
Where He shall lodged be.  
O the sweet time, as if I was  
Reigning in Heav'n above ;  
When once my Soul doth Christ embrace  
In Arms of Faith and Love !*

14. *It is so sweet, when we do meet,  
My Joys in Christ exceed  
The sweetest Smells, and Tasts, and Sighs ;  
Which can our Senses feed.*

*Christ.*

15. *My Dearest Church, I do admire  
The Beauties of thy Mind,  
So Meek, so Harmless, so Entire,  
So Faithful, and so Kind.*

*The Church.*

16. My dearest Lord, thou art the Sun,  
By whose bright Beams I shine.  
And then my Glory first begun,  
When thou becamest mine.  
Since thou art mine, and I am thine,  
A Num'rous Race doth flow  
In every place, which to thy Grace  
Their Birth and Being owe.
17. The dear Assemblies of thy Saints;  
Where thou my Lord dost dwell,  
Are sweet and pure, and shall endure  
Against the Gates of Hell.

THE VERSION.

CHAP. II. *Christ.*

1. **I** *Am the Rose of Sharon-Field,  
I am the Lilly White,  
The Lilly, which the Valleys yields,  
I am both sweet and bright.*
2. *What are Thorns in th' Account of Men  
Unto the Lilly bright?  
What are the Fairest Daughters, when  
My Love appears in sight?*

*The Church.*

3. What are the common Trees o'th'VVood  
Unto the Apple Tree?  
VVhat is the Rich and Noblest Blood,  
My lovely Lord, to Thee?

- I sat Rejoycing in Times past  
Under his cooling Shade.  
His Fruit was sweet unto my Taste,  
O what a Feast I made!
4. Unto his Cellars stor'd with Wines,  
He caus'd Me to remove.  
Over my head abroad he spread  
The Banner of his Love.
5. Give Flagons for a Cordial,  
Bring Apples Me to chear.  
For I am sick, I faint, I fall,  
I languish for my Dear.
6. His Left hand underneath my head,  
For my Support is plac'd.  
His Right hand over me is spread,  
And thus I am Embrac'd.
- 7 O *Salems* Daughters, you I charge,  
Both by the Roe and Hind,  
Ye do not move nor stir my Love,  
Until it be his mind.
8. My Welbeloved's Voice of Joy,  
My Heart with Comfort fills.  
He comes Leaping on Mountains high,  
And Skipping on the Hills.
9. My Welbeloved comes in hast,  
Like a swift footed Roe.  
Nay, my Beloved flies so fast,  
Young Hart did never so.



Behind our Wall, lo! he doth stand,  
He's at our windows seen.

He shews himself so near at hand,  
There's but a Grate between.

10. I gladly heard his gracious Tone,  
VWho thus to me did say,  
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One,  
Make haste and come away.

11. The Season of the Year invites,  
The VWinter's gone and past.  
Behold a Spring of new Delights!  
No Rain, no Stormy Blast.

12. The Flowers upon the Earth appear;  
The Birds begin to sing;  
The People of our Land do hear  
The Turtles murmuring.

13. Green Figs upon their Trees are grown,  
Young Grapes their Smells display.  
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest One,  
Make haste and come away.

14. O my Fair Dove, whose Fairness dwells  
In Dark Obscurity,  
In cloven Rocks, and secret Cells,  
Come, shew thy self to me.  
O let thy Face to me appear,  
Let thy Voice answer mine,  
Thy Voice is Musick in mine Ear,  
Thy Countenance doth shine.

15. Catch us the Foxes in a Toyl,  
 The little Foxes catch,  
 For they our Fruitful Vines do spoil,  
 Their tender Grapes they snatch.
16. My Welbeloved, he is mine,  
 And I am his indeed.  
 In Pastures, which with Lillies shine,  
 He makes his Flock to feed.
17. Till the day break, and Shades depart  
 Beloved, haste to me;  
 Even as the Roe and tender Hart  
 On *Bether*-Mountains flee.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. II. *Christ.*

1. **S**uch is the power of my sweet Love,  
 My Church it sweeteneth.  
 It sweetens Earth and Heav'n above.  
 It sweetens Life and Death.  
 Such is the Beauty of my Face,  
 'Tis with such Glories Crown'd,  
 That Solomon's Glory must give place  
 To what shines me around.  
 As Lillies in the Valleys grow,  
 So I the Valleys own.  
 The Humble are my Heav'n below,  
 The Lowly are my Throne.

2. No comely Persons can I see,  
But whom my Grace adorns,  
My Church a Lilly is to me,  
And all the Rest are Thorns.

*The Church.*

3. None but a Jesus, none but He !  
He is the Chiefest good.  
My Jesus is an Apple-Tree,  
And others Barren Wood.  
He is a Shadow from the Heat  
Of Conscience, Wrath and Hell.  
He is true *Manna*, Heav'nly Mear,  
Which feeds his *Israel*.  
The Shadow of his Sacraments  
Hath been exceeding good.  
Under that Shade a Feast I made  
Upon his Flesh and Blood.

4. My Christ is like a Cellar Stor'd  
With sweet and precious Wine.  
What Sweetness found I in my Lord,  
When he said, I am thine !  
As Souldiers to their Colours stand,  
And after them do move ;  
So doth my dearest Lord command,  
And draw me by his Love.

5. Nothing but Glory can suffice  
The Appetite of Grace.  
I long for Christ with Restless Eyes,  
I languish for his Face.

O take me up, or let me Sup  
On Promises Divine,

Those Apples from the Tree of Life,  
Those Flagons full of VVine.

6. How am I Born, whilst sick of Love,  
In those blest Hands of his ?

His Left my Souls Support doth prove,  
His Right my Comfort is.

7. And whilst his Love doth me enslave,  
Hear what a Charge I give,

All ye that own his Sacred Name,  
Do not his Spirit grieve.

He is all Love, he is my Love,  
O do not him abuse !

Do not again put him to pain,

Dear Christians, turn not *Jews*.

Lord, leave us not ; yet if thou wilt,

VVith Tears we'll own thy Right,

But a Departure forc'd by Guilt

Makes a Tempestuous-Night.

8. My dearest Saviours Voice I hear,

He comes on my account,

Nothing can stop his full Career,

No, not Corruptions Mount.

9. My Lord makes haste from Heav'n to Earth,  
And he himself presents,

To Men of a polluted Birth,

By VVord and Sacraments.

Tho', like a VVall, our frail Estate

Prevents a perfect Sight,

which is Solomons.

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*Yes through  
Gods*

Yet thro' his Ordinances Grate  
Dart in some Beams of Light.

10. My Lord to me did thus begin,  
Arise, my Love, and flee  
From VWorld, Flesh, Satan, Self and Sin,  
O come away to me! -

11. Time was, when thou wast cold and dead,  
An Heir of VVrath thou wast,  
And Vengeance-Storms hung o're thy Head,  
But those sad days are past.

12. The Flowers of Grace begin to spring  
In Thee so hopefully;  
That all the Heav'nly Quire doth sing  
*Glory to God on High.*

13. My Church, thou art my tender Plant,  
My Dews have nourish'd Thee,  
Now thou art mine, now thou must grant,  
Thy Fruit, thy Self to Me.

14. My heartless Dove, why dost thou faint  
And hide thy self from me?

Thou know'st not how I love a Saint,  
How welcom thou should'it be.

Come, come, before thy Lord appear,  
Thy Person joys my Sight.

Let me thy Prayers and Praises hear,  
Thy Voice is my delight.

15. Ye Men of God, whose Charge it is  
In God's Courts to attend,

Restrain those Enemies of his  
Which do his Church offend.

16. Mine through my Faith is my dear Lord,  
His through his Love am I.  
He feeds his People with his Word,  
Which tastes most pleasantly.

17. He feeds them with his Word of Grace,  
Till Glories Day appears.  
Which all the Shades away shall chase  
Of Sins, and Grievs, and Fears.  
Come Love, come Lord, come that long Day,  
My only Expectation.  
Shovel these Days out of the way,  
These Hills of Separation.

### THE VERSION.

#### CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. **H**IM whom my Soul doth love, sought  
By Night upon my Bed,  
I sought him, but I found him not.  
My Souls Delight was fled.

2. And slug I here? I'll now arise  
And go about the Town:  
I'll search the Streets and broader Ways,  
Until I find my own.  
Up did I get, and out I went,  
My Dearest to regain:  
But when I had my Labour spent,  
Alas! it was in vain.

3. The City-watch did light on me,  
Of whom I did enquire,  
In any Street, pray, Did ye see  
The Man, whom I admire ?
4. 'Twas but a little while that I  
Had from the Watch-men pass'd,  
But I did find my only Joy,  
And then I held him fast ;  
I held, and would not let him go,  
Till I had brought him home,  
Into my Mothers House, and so  
Into my Native Room.
5. O *Salems* Daughters, you I charge  
Both by the Roe and Hind.  
Ye do not move, nor 'wake my Love,  
Until it be his Mind.

*The Daughters of Jerusalem.*

6. *What smoaky Pillar strait from hence  
Out of that Desert Rises,  
Perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankincense  
And all the Merchants Spices ?*

*The Church.*

7. Such Ornaments his Bed do grace,  
As *Solomons* Bed commend ;  
Where threescore Men of *Israels* Race,  
His valiant Guards attend.
8. They all hold Swords courageously,  
They all know how to Fight

Each hath his Sword upon his Thigh;  
Because of Fear i'th'Night.

The Chariot of King *Solomon*,  
VWhich for himself he made,  
VWas of the VWood of *Lebanon*,  
VWhich Silver Pillars had.

10. Gold was the bottom, and above  
Rich Purple cover'd it;  
The midst whereof was pav'd with Love,  
For *Salems* Daughters Fit.

11. Look, Virgins, on King *Solomon*,  
His Crown so Rich, so Gay,  
VWherewith his Mother Crown'd him on  
His Joyful Marriage-day.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. III. *The Church.*

1. **O**Nce did I seek my dearest Lord,  
But with a sleepy Mind;  
His Presence he did not afford;  
Slack Seekers cannot find.

2. Shall I, said I said, forego my Christ,  
And so close up mine Eyes?  
No, no, he was so dearly mist,  
I could not but arise.

My Bed was Thorns, no Bed for me,  
Nothing could give me rest,  
Till I my dearest Lord might see,  
And lean upon his Breast:

When



When private means could not prevail,  
In publick Him I sought.  
I waited till my Eyes did fail,  
Alas! I found Him not.

3. God's holy Watchmen did Me find,  
Of whom I did enquire,  
Pray, can ye help my troubled Mind,  
Which doth a Christ desire?  
O happy Stars, if ye might be  
My Guides to Jesus now!  
Seers, did ye my Saviour see?  
Pray tell me where and how.  
Means must be us'd, but cannot heal  
Without a Sovereign word.  
Christ only can himself reveal:  
And still I lack'd my Lord.

4. One dark Hour more I did sustain,  
And then the Night was past.  
Tho' I had sought so long in vain,  
I found my Lord at last.  
I found my Lord and held Him fast,  
And would not let Him part.  
My New-found Jesus I embrac'd,  
And Lodg'd Him in my Heart.  
I would not lose my Christ again,  
And gain a Second Hell.  
My Prayers and Tears did him constrain  
Within my Soul to dwell.  
As Clouds are pierc'd with powerful light,  
His Beams thro' me did shine.

His dear Assemblies saw this Sight,  
And joy'd that Christ was mine.

5. Christ's Love my Heart doth so inflame,  
This Charge I needs must give.

All ye that own his Sacred Name,  
Do not his Spirit grieve.

He is all Love, he is my Love,  
O do not Him abuse !

Do not again put Him to pain.

Dear Christians, turn not *Jews* :

Lord, leave us not ; yet if thou wilt  
With Tears we'll own thy Right ;

But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

*Weak Believers.*

6. *What Heav'nly Souls from Earth arise,  
And do at Heav'n aspire !*

*They mount, they soar, they fix their Eyes  
On God their Chief Desire.*

*Earth's Wilderness they nobly scorn,  
Whilst others Rake for it.*

*Heav'n's Graces them do so Adorn,  
That they for Heav'n are fit.*

*The Church.*

7. Admire not Me, but my dear Lord,  
Whose Bosom gives me Rest.

Whose Angels watch with one accord,  
That none should me molest.

8. These Heav'nly Guards are full of might,  
And ready do they stand,  
For to defend his Churches Right,  
When he shall them command.  
When Darkness breeds tormenting Fear,  
Then Help comes from on High:  
A strengthening Angel doth appear  
Amidst that Agony:
9. Heav'n is the High and Glorious Throne,  
Of my most Glorious Lord.  
Who yet on Earth Rides up and down  
I'th' Chariot of his Word.
10. His Word is rich, and strong, and pure,  
As all his Saints do prove;  
Who of its true Intent are sure,  
And find, it's Heart is Love.
11. Go ye that own the Highest Name,  
Behold a Glorious Shew,  
How the Almighty spreads his Fame,  
And what his Word can do.  
This mighty King Rides Conquering,  
His Word goes forth with Might;  
Which woos and wins the Slaves of Sin,  
Both by its Force and Light.  
Those Slaves their Hellish Lords forsake,  
And Christ do humbly own,  
And as his Spouse, he them doth take,  
And wears them as his Crown.  
Great was their Need; greater his Love  
Than their Necessity.

As well they may, glad do they prove,  
But not so glad as He.

## The VERSION.

CHAP. IV. *Christ.*

1. **L**O, thou art Fair, my only Love,  
My Love, lo ! thou art Fair;  
Thine Eyes are like those of the Dove,  
Within thy Locks of Hair.  
Thy Hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks,  
Which from Mount Gilead look.
2. So are thy Teeth like well-shorn Sheep,  
Come from the Washing-Brook ;  
They Pregnant are as well as Fair,  
For Fruit as well as View.  
For each of them her Twins doth bear,  
There's not one Barren Ewe.
3. Thy Lips are like a Scarlet-Thread,  
Thy Speech is sweet and fine ;  
Within thy Locks thy Temples Red  
Like broke Pomgranate shine.
4. Thy Neck is like to David's Tower,  
Strong built, and raised high.  
A thousand Shields for Men of Power  
Hang in that Armory.
5. Thy two Breasts are like two young Roes  
Well shap'd, and well agreed.  
For they are loving Twins, and those  
Among the Lillies feed.

6. *Until the Day have chas'd away  
The Dusky Shades, I will  
Betake me to the Mount of Myrrh,  
And to the Incense-Hill.*
7. *All over fair, my Love, thou art,  
And so thou seem'st to me.  
There is not one uncomely Part,  
Not one dark Spot in Thee.*
8. *Come, Love, with me from Lebanon,  
From Lebanon with me,  
Since Thou and I are joy'n'd in One,  
Thy Lebanon I'll be.  
From Shenirs Top, from Hermon look,  
And from Amana high,  
Those Lions Dens must be forsok,  
And where the Leopards lie.*
9. *My Spouse, my Sister, thou hast Gain'd  
A perfect Victory  
Over my Heart by thy bright Chain,  
And by thy Brighter Eye.*
10. *How fair and pleasant is thy Love,  
My dearest Spouse to Me!  
O how I prize it far above  
The Richest Wines that be!  
O how my Sisters Ointments smell,  
What Sweetness do they yield!  
This pleasant Scent doth far Excel  
The Sweet Arabian Field.*
11. *Thy Lips drop like the Honey Comb,  
There Milk with Honey Flows.*

*I Smell*

*I smell the Smells of Lebanon, from  
The Garments of my Spouse.*

12. *My Sister and my Spouse is Veil'd,  
That She may be suppos'd.*

*A Spring shut up, a Fountain seal'd,  
A Garden well enclos'd.*

13. *Thou hast a pleasant Nursery,  
Where sweet Pomegranate grow,  
And Fruits which please both Taste and Eye,  
There too the Spices flow.*

14. *As Camphire, Spikenard, Calamus,  
Saffron and Cynamon,  
Myrrh, Aloes and Incense Trees,  
With each Spice of Renown.*

15. *A Garden-Fountain is my Love,  
A Living Well is She ;  
Like Lebanons Streams which swiftly move,  
And down to Jordan flee.*

*The Church.*

16. *Am I a Garden ? Then, O North,  
Awake, and on it Breathe.  
Thy quickening Breath will summon forth  
The Odours from Beneath.  
Am I a Garden ? Then, O South,  
Come, on this Garden blow !  
One Sovereign Blaft out of thy Mouth  
Will make its Spices flow.  
Then, then, into his Paradise,  
Let my Beloved come,*

And

And eat his Fruits, and get his Spice,  
And count Himself at Home.

The Paraphrase.

• CHAP. IV. *Christ.*

1. **M***Y Dearest Church, I do admire  
The Beauties of thy Mind,  
So Meek, so Harmless, so Entire,  
So Loyal and so Kind,  
Ev'n thy Profession I esteem,  
Because it springs from Grace,  
Which makes Thee yet more comely seem,  
As Hair adorns the Face.*
2. *Thy Pastors which prepare thy Food,  
Do in their Minds agree;  
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,  
And bring much Fruit to me.*
3. *Thy Speech so season'd is with Grace,  
That many Hearts it moves.  
And Graces Colour in thy Face  
Its great advantage proves.*
4. *Thy Faith which joyns Thee to thy Head,  
Doth shield thine inward parts.  
This Shield hath oft extinguished  
The Devil's Fiery Darts.*
5. *The two Breasts of thy Testaments  
Most friendly do accord;  
Which Nourishment and sweet Content  
To new Born Babes afford.*

*The Cries of a Distressed Soul,*

*These Breasts of Comfort still.*

*These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad,  
These Breasts the Hungry Fill.*

6. *The Word is here the Churches Fare,  
And Faith the Churches Light,*

*Till Shades give way to Glories Day,*

*Then shall She live by Sight;*

*Mean-while my Gracious Presence shall*

*Her Dear Assemblies fill;*

*Her Prayers shall be most sweet to me,*

*Sweet as the Incense-Hill.*

*Mean-while my Glorious Presence shall*

*Fill Heav'n, that Holy Ground,*

*Where Cherubims and Seraphims*

*Their Hallelujahs sound.*

7. *My Dearest Church, how clear art thou,*

*On whom no Sin remains!*

*My Blood apply'd hath purify'd*

*Thee from thy Guilts and Stains.*

*Thou art to Me as white as Snow,*

*And tho' thou sinnest still,*

*Grace keeps Thee in, thou canst not sin*

*With full Consent of Will.*

8. *Let my Fair Glories Thee intice*

*To come along with Me.*

*Forsake thine Earthly Paradise,*

*Thy Paradise I'll be.*

*Birth, Pleasures, Riches, Friends and Fame,*

*Are all summ'd up in Me.*

O tha



O that thou knew'st how good I am!

Come now and tast and see.

The World's an howling Wilderness,

Fill'd with the Beasts of Prey.

Whilst that they Rage, Roar and Oppress,

On Canaan fix thine Eye.

6. My heav'n-born Spouse, whom I embrace,

My Joy and Crown thou art ;

Thine Eye of Faith, thy Chain of Grace

Have overcome my Heart.

10. My Dearest Spouse of heav'nly Birth,

Thy Love is more to Me

Than all the Pleasures of the Earth,

And sweet thy Graces be.

11. Thy Speeches in thy Heart are bred,

And sweetly do they flow.

Thy Works do such a Savour spread,

As Lebanons Spices do.

12. Disguised to the VWorld thou go'st ;

Heav'n in a Mystery.

To Me thou Run'st, to Me thou Flow'st.

None knows thy worth but I.

As thou art mine, so I am thine.

My Love doth guard thy Heart.

Thy Heart's with Me, my Love's with Thee.

My Church, how safe thou art !

13, 14. My Church, thou art a Paradise,

Where Fruits and Spices grow.

*Fair are thy Fruits, and from thy Spice  
Thy sweetest Odours flow.*

*Thy tender Plants thy Children are,  
Their Graces Fruits and Spice ;  
I am the Tree of Life in Thee,  
My Church, my Paradise.*

*15. Thou art a Spring, which to thy Plants  
Dost thy pure Streams derive :  
Under thine Eye and Ministry  
Thy Blest Assemblies thrive.*

*The Church.*

*16. My Lord, if I Garden am,  
Then let thy Spirit blow,  
And with its Gales refresh the same,  
And make my Graces flow.  
And when thy Spirit thus hath blown,  
And I do flourish most,  
Then let my Dearest Lord come down,  
And feed upon his Cost.  
So poor I am, so great thou art,  
Thee, Lord, how can I Feast ?  
Furnish the Table of my Heart,  
Then come and be my Guest.*

*The VERSION.*

*CHAP. V. Christ.*

*1. I 'M come into my Paradise,  
My Sister and my Spouse,  
I've gather'd of my Myrrh and Spice  
Which in my Garden grows.*

*My Honey-Comb and Honey too  
Have been my sweet Repast.  
My Wine, my Milk which here do flow,  
Have chear'd my Heart and Tast.  
My Friends and dear Companions,  
Come, Feast your selves with Me.  
Drink, O my Welbeloved Ones,  
Tea, Drink abundantly.*

*The Church.*

1. I sleep, but yet my Heart doth wake.  
Heark ; my Beloved One  
Doth Knock and Call. I can't mistake  
His Knock, his Tread, his Tone.  
Open to Me, my Fathers Child,  
Open to Me, my Love ;  
Open to me, my Undeas'd,  
Open to me, my Dove.  
Open to Me, that wait for Thee,  
My Head is fill'd with Dew ;  
And all my Locks with Ev'ning Drops,  
Let's have an Interview.

2. My Coat is off, and how shall I  
Put on my Coat again ?  
Should I come o're the Dusty Floor,  
My washed Feet to stain ?

3. My Dearest then by the Key-hole  
His willing Hand did move ;  
Which when I did perceive, my Soul  
Was touch'd with Grief and Love.

5. Rowz'd by this Passion, I did stir,  
And answer'd to his Call.  
My Hands and Fingers drop'd with Myrrh,  
Which from the Lock did fall.
6. Then did I open to my Dear;  
But He (alas!) was gone;  
He whom I did so lately hear.  
Me thoughts I was undone.  
I sought Him whom my Soul Ador'd,  
But Him I could not have.  
I call'd and cry'd, my Love, my Lord!  
But He no answer gave.
7. Then did the cruel City Watch  
Smite Me and wound Me sore.  
The Keepers of the Walls did snatch  
Away the Veil I wore.
8. O Daughters of Jerusalem!  
I charge You if Ye find  
My Glorious Dear, that he may hear,  
My Love afflicts my Mind.

*The Daughters of Jerusalem.*

9. *What Jewel is this Dear of thine,  
O Fairest, let us know.  
Wherein do shine Others out-shine,  
That thou dost charge us so?*

*The Church.*

10. My Dear Delight is Red and White,  
The Lilly and the Rose.

So sweet a Grace adorns his Face,  
Ten thousand he out-goes.

11. His Head is like the Finest Gold,  
And curled Locks doth wear,  
Which do the Ravens Colour hold.  
So comely is his Hair.

12. His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves,  
Which on the Banks are met,  
And do the Streams of Water love,  
Milk-washt and fitly Set.

13. His Cheeks are like a Spicy Bed,  
Where all Perfumes do meet.  
His Lips like Lillies, whence is shed  
The Myrrh that smells so sweet.

14. His Hands are like the *Chrysolite*  
In Rings of Gold display'd,  
His Belly is like Ivory bright  
With *Sapphires* overlaid.

15. His Legs like Marble-Pillars are  
On Golden Sockets set :  
His Face, like *Lebanon*, is most Fair,  
Like *Cedars* most Compleat.

His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,  
Yea, He is wholly so ;  
Down from his Head unto his Feet  
With Sweetness He doth flow.

O *Salems* Daughters, This is He  
Of whom ye did enquire.

This is the Friend that loveth Me.

This is my Hearts desire.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. V. *Christ.*

1. **M**<sup>T</sup> Love, (my Dearest) hath Me brought  
Whither thou dost invite.

Thy Graces which my Hand hath wrought,  
Have been my Souls delight.

Thou art a Vine, which with thy Wine,  
Both God and Man dost chear ;

Feed on the Fruits prepar'd in Thee,  
A constant Feast is there.

*The Church.*

2. Such drowfiness doth Me possess,  
I live, and yet I die.

Some Life I have, no Liveliness.

How dark and cold am I !

Here in the dark and deep I grope,  
Who us'd to live above.

Where is my Faith ? Where is my Hope ?

Where is my wonted Love ?

It is no Strangers Voice I hear ;

I know it is my Lords.

He knocks both at my Heart and Ear ;

These are his loving words ;

Open to Me, my Fathers Child,

Open to Me, my Love,

Open to Me, my Undeas'd,

Open to Me, my Dove.

My Gracious Patience hath stood  
Long waiting at thy Door.  
Fain would I enter for thy good;  
Slight not thy Saviour.

3. One would have thought such melting words  
Should break an Heart of Steel.

But I ( Alas ! ) so stupid was,  
Their Force I did not feel.

My Answer was to this Effect,  
Lord, now I am at Ease.

And Lord, if I should Thee respect,  
My Friends I should displease.

Thy Service, Lord, would cost Me dear,  
The World would Me molest.

Thy heavy Cross how can I bear?  
Do not disturb my Rest.

4. My Lord to this made no Reply,  
Only on Me He cast

A Sad and a Rebuking Eye,  
On which this sense I pass'd.

Dost thou my Patience thus requite,  
To make it longer bear?

Dost all my Love and Sufferings slight?  
I look'd for better Fare.

This stirr'd my Love, my Grief and Shame,  
Which put Me to such pain.

That I resolv'd, whatever came,  
To own my Christ again;

accurst Temptations, be ye gone,  
And do not Me restrain;

Satan

Satan Avaunt, let Me alone,  
I'll have my Christ again.  
This Resolution gave some Ease  
To my distressed Mind;  
My Grievs did then begin to cease,  
When I to Christ inclin'd.

6. But when I did my Self address  
My Saviour to embrace,  
Alas! for my Unworthiness  
My Saviour hid his Face.  
For He is Great as well as Good,  
And will not be disdain'd;  
Then his kind words, which I withstood,  
My Conscience sorely pain'd.  
O then I wish'd a thousand times  
That I had been so wise,  
To shake off my Security,  
When Christ bade Me arise,  
I sought Him daily in his Word,  
But Him I could not have.  
I call'd and cry'd, My Love, my Lord!  
But he no Answer gave.

7. Earth did oppress whom Heav'n forsook,  
Nothing but Grievs I found,  
For they who to my Soul should look,  
My Soul did pierce and wound.  
Their words and deeds did both conspire,  
To grieve my grieved Heart.  
Their Scorns and Jears were Swords and Spears  
Which did increase my Smart.



But still my greatest wound was here,  
My Lord I could not find.

Had I my Lord, I should not care,  
Tho' others prov'd unkind.

8. Another Course I straightways took,  
I did repair to those

Who *Sion*-wards do often look,  
And did my case propose.

Blest Souls said I who oft attend  
At the Almighty's Court,

My Case to you I do commend,  
That you may it report.

A Lord I have or rather had,  
My Well-beloved one ;

His Presence us'd to make me glad,  
But, Ah, my Lord is gone !

If when you pray, he should acquaint  
You with his Love and Grace.

Tell him from me, my Heart doth faint  
And Languish for his Face.

9. Who is, said they, this Lord of thine ?  
O Fairest, let us know.

Wherein does thine others out shine  
That thou dost Charge us so ?

10. My dearest Lord is White and Red ;  
White thro' his Purity,

Red thro' his Blood which he did shed  
For such an one as I.

Was he not Red, but only White,  
The Lilly, not the Rose.

He

He might delight the Angels Sight;  
But I am none of those.  
Was he not White, but only Red,  
A Sufferer for his Sin,  
His Blood would Rest upon his Head,  
Nor could I Joy therein.  
But my dear Lord is White and Red ;  
This mixture pleaseth me,  
For, for my Sins he Suffered,  
When he from Sin was free.  
What a reviving sight is this ?  
A Righteous Saviours Blood,  
The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliss,  
Most pure, most sweet and good.  
The fond inhanted World admires  
Their Idols here below.  
Their creeping, groveling, poor desires  
Their Childish Minds do shew.  
Did but my Glorious Lord appear,  
O did they him but know,  
What formerly their Glories were  
Would be no longer so.  
The lesser Lights all disappear,  
When once my Sun doth Shine ;  
And tho' Ten Thousand Lords were here,  
None could be like to mine.  
My Lord, he is the King of Kings,  
The Fairest of all Fairs ;  
Of all your fine and boasted things  
None with my Lord compares.

What's

What's your Thick Clay? your Stones bring  
Which ye your Jewels call. (forth

My Lord, he is of real worth,  
And goes beyond them all.

11. His Godhead and his Government  
Are infinitely pure,  
Most Glorious and most Excellent,  
And ever shall endure.

12. He is a pure and piercing Eye,  
Thro' all the Earth it moves.  
Which the dark Hypocrite doth spy,  
And secret good approves.

13. His Checks appear most bright and clear  
When he himself doth shew,  
Methinks I in a Garden walk,  
Where Flowers and Spices grow.  
When he doth my Affections stir,  
And speaks unto my Mind,  
Methinks the Lillies drop with Myrrh,  
Such Savour do I find.

So sweet a Grace adorns his Face,  
His Face, like Heav'n doth shine,  
And O what Musick do I hear,  
When he saith, I am thine !

14. His Hands are like to Rings of Gold.  
The works of my dear Lord  
Are bright and comely to behold.  
His Works fulfil his Word.

The Tender Bowels of his Love

How precious they be !

When I am Griev'd, his Bowels move

And loudly plead for me.

15. The sweet proceedings of my Lord

Are like his purposes;

Holy and Pure, and Firm and sure ;

Both Love and Stedfastness.

His Countenance Majestical

All Reverence doth Command.

If he but Frowns on us, we fall,

But if he Smiles, we stand.

16. His Mouth is most exceeding sweet;

All Sweetness like an Hive,

One word of his like Honey is,

O how it doth revive.

As I begun should I go on

My Dearest Lord to Limn,

You'd say, all Sweets compacted are

And summed up in him.

My Lord is Larger than desires,

Fairer than Words can show.

One comely part fond Earth admires,

My Lord is wholly so.

O Heav'n-born Souls, This, This is He

Of whom ye did enquire.

This is the Friend that Loveth me,

This is my Hearts Desire.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VI. *The Daughters of Jerusalem.*

1. **F**airest of Fairs, if thus it be,  
O whither is he gone?  
Tell us, that we may seek with thee  
This thy Beloved One.

*The Church.*

2. Down to his Garden he is gone,  
Where Beds of Spices are,  
That he may Feed and Feast thereon  
And Gather Lillies there,  
3. I am my Welbeloved ones,  
My Welbeloved's mine.  
He Feeds and Treads in pleasant Meads,  
Where the bright Lillies shine.

*Christ.*

4. My Love, like Tirzah, thou art Neat,  
And like Jerusulem,  
And like an Army so Compleat,  
Men Fly for fear of them.  
5. O turn away thine Eyes from me,  
Thy bright and Sparling Eyes,  
To hear so great Felicity  
My strength doth not suffice.  
Thy Hairy Locks are like Goats Flocks  
Which from Mount Gilead look.  
6. So are thy Teeth like Well shorn Sheep  
Come from the Washing-brook,

*They Pregnant are as well as Fair,  
 For Fruit as well as View;  
 For each of them her Twins doth bear,  
 There's not one Barren Ew.*

*7. As broke Pomegranate seemeth Red,  
 And shines exceeding clear,  
 So do the Temples of thy Head  
 Within thy Locks appear.*

*8. Thrice twenty Queens together stand,  
 And fourscore Concubines,  
 And Virgins like the num'rous Sand,  
 Which to the Sea adjoyns.*

*9. My Spotless Dove, she is but one,  
 The Darling of her Mother,  
 Who love and prizes her alone,  
 She knows not such another.*

*The Daughters saw her comely Lines,  
 And prais'd her Lovely Face,  
 Tea, all the Queens and Concubines  
 Admir'd her Beauteous Grace.*

*10. What Morn looks forth? what Moon is there  
 What Sun may yonder be?  
 Fierce Troups with Flags display'd appear,  
 O what a One is She!*

*11. To the Nut-Garden down I went  
 To see the Fruits below,  
 Whether the Vines their Grapes did vent,  
 And the Pomegranates grow.*

12. *My Soul gave me a sudden twitch  
And made me nimbly slide;  
Like those swift Chariots, in which  
Amminadib did Ride.*

13. *Return, Return, O Shulamite.  
Return, Return Apace  
That we may look with much delight  
Upon thy Glorious Face.  
What in the Shulamite I pray,  
Do ye expect to see?  
Two Armies set in good Array!  
Even such a one is she.*

*The Paraphrase.*

*CHAP. III. The Church.*

1. **W**hilst thus my dearest Lord I prais'd,  
As I could do no less.  
They heard, they look'd, they stood amaz'd  
At my great happiness.  
And when I ceas'd they thus reply'd,  
O Fairest we must needs  
Congratulate thy Blest Estate,  
Which ours so far exceeds.  
O that we were in such a Case  
As we perceive thou art.  
O that our Souls might find a place  
In thy Beloveds Heart.  
Whither is thy Beloved gone?  
Pray, let us go with thee,

H

To

- To seek thy welbeloved One,  
Whose Face we fain would see.
2. If you my dearest Lord would see,  
Then go unto his Court,  
Look where his Saints Assembled be,  
Thither you must Resort.  
For they his Pleasure-Gardens are,  
Where he delights to be,  
They are his Comfort and his Care;  
There you my Lord may see.  
Some Souls he breeds, and some he feeds,  
Others he doth remove.  
Hence from his lower Gardens to  
His Paradise above.
3. I am my Welbeloved's, <sup>6172</sup>  
My Welbeloved's mine.  
To me his Love a Feast doth prove  
Beyond the Richest Wine.

Christ.

4. My dearest Church, on whom I see  
A Fair and Royal Stamp.  
All Sweetness joyn'd with Majesty,  
Thou art both Court and Camp.
5. Thy Prayers are Arms, thy Praises Charms,  
Thy Love is like a Dart;  
Thy Faith and Graces are so strong,  
They overcome my Heart.  
Thy Fair Profession I esteem,  
Because it Springs from Grace,

Which



Which makes thee yet more comely seem,  
As Hair adorns the Face.

Thy Pastors which prepare thy Food,  
Do in their Minds agree,  
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,  
And bring much Fruit to me.

Thy Countenance so shines with Grace,  
That many Hearts it moves.

Sweet Bashfulness on thy Fair Face,  
Its great advantage proves.

The World presents its Glorious Shews,  
But what are those to me?

My Dear Church, my only Spouse,  
All Glories do I see.

Earths Pride would soon confounded be,  
Should but my Spouse appear,

Who to her Mother and to Me  
Is so exceeding Dear.

Her Noble Birth and Real Worth  
Have gain'd her so much Fame,

The greatest Princes of the Earth  
Have Prais'd her Worthby Name.

Her Sweetness joyn'd with Majesty  
Her Presence much Endear'd;

Her Power with her Purity  
Made her both lov'd and Fear'd.

I have been with my new-born Saints,  
I have been down to see

What Buds were on my tender Plants  
What hopes of Fruit for me.

12. *When my dear Church, I hid my Face,  
Thou did'st thy self bemoan.  
I did but prove thy Faithful Love,  
When thou thought'st I was gone.  
My Bowels yearn'd when thou didst Cry,  
My Love did me constrain  
To haste apace, and shew my Face  
To thy griev'd Soul again.*
13. *Return, Return my dearest Church,  
Return, Return to me.  
The Heav'nly Quire and I desire  
Thy Blessed Face to see.  
My Heav'nly Host, if you would know  
My Churches State and Case:  
She is another Host below.  
And of an awful Grace.*

## The VERSION.

CHAP. VII. *Christ.*

1. **O** *Daughters of a Prince how Fair  
Are both thy Shoes and Feet!  
Thy Joynts and Thighs like Jewels are,  
Wrought by an hand discreet.*
2. *Thy Navel as a Cup compleat,  
With Liquor do abound.  
Thy Belly's like an Heap of Wheat,  
Which Lillies do surround.*
3. *Shy two Breasts are like two young Roes,  
Well Shap'd and well agreed,*

*Both which are Loving Twins, and those  
Among the Lillies Feed.*

4. *Thy Neck, like Ivory is most Fair,  
And like a Tower most strait.*

*Thine Eyes like Heshbon-pools, which are  
Hard by Bath-Rabbim Gate.*

*Thy Nose is like to Lebanons Tower,  
The Tower which doth Command  
Damascus-Town, the Chiefest Flower  
Of all the Syrian Land.*

5. *Thine Head on thee like Carmel is,  
Thine Hair, like Purple stain'd,  
The Galleries so take his Eyes,  
The King is there detain'd,*

6. *How Fair are thou, how pleasant art,  
My Love, unto my sight!  
So sweetly Grac'd in every part,  
Thou art my whole delight.*

7. *Unto a Palm-Tree I compare,  
Thy Stature strait and fine.  
Thy Breasts appear both full and fair  
Like Clusters of the Vine.*

8. *I said I will this Palm-Tree Climb,  
I'll search her Branches well,  
Thy Breasts shall now like Clusters shew,  
Thy Nose like Apples smell.*

9. *Thy Palate's like the Choicest Wine,  
Which for my Friend I keep,  
Which sweetly Flows, and causeth those  
To Speak that are asleep.*

10. I am my Welbeloved's own,  
And He is wholly mine ;  
The Stream of his Affection  
Doth towards me incline.
11. Come, my Beloved, let us go  
Into the Fields abroad ;  
And in the Villages below  
Let's take up our Abode.
12. Let's get up early in the Morn,  
And to the Vineyards go ;  
To see what Fruits the Trees adorn,  
Whether the Vine doth grow.  
Whether the tender Grapes appear,  
And the Pomegranates thrive,  
(The Hopes of the Ensuing Year)  
There Thee my Loves I'll give.
13. The Mandrakes Smell, and at our Door  
All pleasant Fruits there be,  
Both New and Old which are my Store,  
Laid up, my Love, for Thee.

The Paraphrase.

CHAP. VII. *Christ.*

1. **O** Daughter of the Mighty God,  
How comely are thy Feet ?  
*With Gospel-preparation Shod !*  
Thy Carriage how discreet ?

*Thou*

2. *Thou art both Fair and Fruitful too,  
Great Numbers thou dost Breed,  
Which with good Meals, the Word and Seals,  
Thou liberally dost feed.*

3. *The two Breasts of thy Testaments  
Most friendly do accord;  
Which Nourishment and sweet Content  
To New-born Babes afford.  
The Gries of a distressed Soul,  
These Breasts of Comfort still.  
These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes sad.  
These Breasts the Hungry fill.*

4. *Thy Faith is thy strong Fort and Tower,  
Thine Understanding clear.  
Thy Judging and Discerning Power  
Informs when Danger's near.  
Thy Christ, thy Head of Eminence  
All Others doth exceed.  
Thy Christ, thy Head of Influence  
Thy Grace doth keep and feed.  
When thine Assemblies Exercise  
Their Graces freely given,  
The King walks in those Galleries,  
As in another Heaven.*

6. *My Church, who art most New, most Fair,  
How Dear art thou and Sweet,  
In whom all Sweets compacted are,  
In whom all Graces meet?*

7. *Under thy weight thou flourishest  
As the stout Palm Tree doth.  
My Church, the more thou art deprest,  
The greater is thy growth.  
The Breasts of thy two Testaments,  
Like Clusters of the Vine,  
Are full of Juice, which for thy use  
Tield store of heav'nly Wine.*
8. *When I perceiv'd thy Soul to thrive,  
Like to a Fruitful Tree;  
Then I drew near, that I might chear,  
And joy my Self in thee.  
Nor did I empty-handed come,  
But added to thy Store;  
God's Word came then more near and home,  
Thy Graces scented more.*
9. *Thy Speech is like the choicest Wine,  
So lovely and so strong;  
It makes the Sinners Heart divine,  
And sanctifies his Tongue.*

*The Church.*

- My Dearest Lords Affection  
I cannot but admire.  
I am my Welbeloveds own,  
I am his Hearts desire.*
11. *I gladly with my Lord could talk,  
And spend both Night and Day;  
Come Lord, let us together walk.  
Let us together stay.*

Come

12. Come let's go see what Fruits and Flowers  
Adorn thy Garden place,  
Under the Sun shine and the showers  
Of days and means of Grace.  
Could I but see thy Children Spring,  
And in an happy frame;  
Oh how should I rejoyce and sing,  
And love thee for the same!

13. Thy Saints their Services present,  
Which of Sweet Savour be.  
Saints New and Old within my Tent,  
Are kept for Heav'n and thee.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VIII. *The Church.*

1. **I** Would to God thou wert so near  
To me as is my Brother,  
That Fill'd the Lap and Suck'd the Pap  
Of my most tender Mother.  
When I without should light on thee,  
Then I thy Lips would Kiss;  
Yea, I should not despised be,  
Nor disesteem'd for this.

3. I'd bring thee to my Mothers Tent,  
Who would instruct me there.  
Pomegranate-Wine of pleasant scent  
Should be thy Royal Fare.

3. His Left Hand underneath my Head  
Should lovingly be plac'd.

His Right Hand o're Me should be spread,  
Thus should I be Embrac'd.

4. Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*,  
'Tis You I charge and bind,  
Not once to move, or 'wake my Love  
Until it be his Mind.

*The Daughters of Jerusalem.*

5. *Out of the Desert doth Ascend*  
*A comely Sight to see;*  
*One Leaning on her Dearest Friend.*  
*O what a One is She!*

*The Church.*

Under the shady Apple-Tree  
Thee did I Raife and Rear.  
Thy Mother Travell'd there with Thee;  
Thy Native Place was there.

6. O Seal mine Image on thy Heart,  
O Seal it on thy Arm!  
For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart;  
And Jealousie is warm.

'Tis like the Grave, whose keen desire  
Nothing can satisfie.

The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire  
That flame most vehemently.

7. Waters can't quench Loves Flame, nor Floods  
Can Loves height overflow.

If one for Love would give his Goods,  
The Price would be too low.



*The Jewish Church.*

8. No Breasts on our small Sister grow,  
Nor is She yet Admir'd.  
What shall we for our Sister do  
When She shall be desir'd?

*Christ.*

9. We'll build on her a Silver Court,  
If she a Wall shall be,  
Or if a Door, Her we'll Support  
With Boards of Cedar-Tree.

*The Jewish Church.*

10. I am a Wall both strong and tall,  
My Breasts, like Towers, are round.  
(I then his Sight did much delight,  
As one that Favour found.)

*Christ.*

11. At Baal-Hammon, Solomon  
A Vineyard did possess.  
Keepers he sent to the intent  
They might his Vineyard dress.  
And thus with them he did agree,  
That for the Fruit it gave,  
A thousand Silver Pieces he  
Of each of them should have.

12. My Vineyard which belongs to Me,  
I know not how to spare.  
It ever lies before mine Eyes,  
It is my constant care.

*But*

*But thou, O Solomon, must have  
A thousand for thy Gains ;  
And those that keep its Fruit may Grave  
Two Hundred for their pains.*

13. *And now farewell thou that Dost dwell  
In Gardens here below ;  
As thy Companions hear thy Voice  
So let me hear it too.*

*The Church.*

14. *Hast my Beloved like a Roe  
Which soon her course fulfils ;  
O that thou wert like a young Hart  
Upon the Spicy Hills !*

*The Paraphrase.*

**CHAP. VIII.** *The Church,*

1. **L**ORD that thou wert as near to me  
As is my Mothers Son.  
Such freedom should I have with thee.  
As if we both were One.  
I would impart my very Heart  
To one that was so near,  
Whose nearness should advance my Love  
Above all Slavish fear.

2: Gods Holy Church, my Mother Dear,  
Should me such Lectures Read,  
I should provide such Heav'nly Chear,  
Whereon thou lov'st to Feed.

3. And then shouldst thou thy Love display,  
The Riches of thy Grace, Thy

Thy Left Hand then my Head should stay,  
Thy Right my Heart embrace.

4. Christs Love my Heart doth so inflame,  
This Charge I needs must give ;  
All ye that own his Sacred Name  
Do not his Spirit grieve.  
Lord, leave us not ; yet if thou wilt  
With Tears we'll own thy Right,  
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

*Weak Christians.*

5. *What strange Aspiring Souls are those  
Which do this World disdain,  
Who on their Lord themselves repose,  
Heav'ns Kingdom to obtain.*

*The Church.*

- Under thine Ordinances Shade  
I Sought and found thine Aid ;  
For there thine Entrance first was made,  
Thy Graces first Conveigh'd.  
6. Lord bear my Name upon thy Breast,  
Engrave it on thy Heart,  
There let it be so sure possesst  
It thence shall ne're depart.  
For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart,  
Which wounds me to the quick.  
Thy Presence, Lord, supports my Heart.  
Thy absence makes it Sick.

Shouldst thou but seemingly disdain

My Heart so deep Engag'd,

I should be Tortur'd with such pain

As could not be asswag'd.

O Love Me, Lord! or else I die,

Thee, Lord, my Love doth crave.

My Lord, shouldst thou my Love deny,

My Love would be my Grave:

My Love doth flame, my Jealousie

So burns my Heart and Eyes.

I must embrace my Lord, or I

Must be Loves Sacrifice.

7. Whose Seas of Trouble cannot quench

Loves Everlasting Fire.

Though Hell oppose, whom I have chose,

I cannot but admire.

None but a Christ, none but my Lord,

No Bribes can take with Me;

A Proffer'd World would be abhorr'd,

A Christ, and none but He!

*The Jewish Church.*

8. Remember the Blind Nations, Lord,

Who in a Dungeon grope,

And lack the Sun-shine of thy Word,

Yet Pris'ners are of Hope.

When once the Hour of thy Design

Hath on these Captives Shone,

When they are call'd and own'd for thine,

What shall be further done?

*Christ.*

*Christ.*

9. *If they be constant to my Name,  
And firmly hold my Word,  
They shall be blest with Strength and Fame,  
And honour'd by their Lord.  
If they will open at my Call,  
That I with them may dwell,  
I'll hold them fast, and make them last  
Against the Gates of Hell.*

*The Jewish Church.*

10. *Lord, I am constant to thy Name,  
And firmly hold thy Word.  
(I had a Smile upon the same  
From my most Gracious Lord.)*

*Christ.*

11. *I nor admire nor imitate  
Those who their Vineyards Let.  
Who of their profit do abate,  
That they some Ease may get.*  
12. *My Church and Vineyard is alway  
My Care and my Delight :  
I my Self keep it every Day,  
And watch it every Night.  
Drest by my Hand, watch'd by my Eye,  
Its Fruit to me abounds.  
The Praise of its Fertility  
Wholly to Me redounds.*

*My*

13. *My Dearest Church, who art compos'd  
Of divers companies,  
Now we have both our Minds disclos'd,  
I'll end with this Advice.  
As all thy Members give an Ear  
Unto thy Gracious Strain.  
So let Me often from Thee hear,  
Until we Meet again.*

*The Church.*

14. *Ah my dear Saviour! pity Me,  
Preserve Me in thy Heart.  
And Oh make hast, make hast, that we  
May Meet and never part.*

DIVES

# D I V E S

## A N D

# LAZARUS.

**I**N *Judah's* Vale a Man of Wealth abode,  
 Vile as a Beast, yet Worship'd as a God.  
 Who *Tyrian* Clothes, and *Egypt's* Linnen ware,  
 And on whose Table met Land, Sea and Air.

Beneath the Threshold of his Out-most Gate  
 A pale, deformed, horrid Carcass Sate.  
 Another *Job*---But of more Fixed woes,  
 Who from his Dunghill never once arose.

\* *God Help-Me* was his Name. God was his all.

Those few that knew him, *Lazarus* him did call.

\* *The*  
*English of*  
*Lazarus.*

Need, Pain and Scorn at once did on him lie.

His Bed was Earth, his Covering was the Sky.

Nothing had he to pay off Natures Scores.

Empty he was of Bread, but full of Sores.

Hunger (that Wrack) will make a Man confess

What modest Minds endeavour to suppress.

Sharp Hunger whets the Wit, and mends its strain,

It hurts the Bowels, but it helps the Brain.

A Servant pass'd the Gate, where, lo ! he found  
 This Ruful Object groveling on the Ground.  
 Said Lazarus, Sir, *If Pity be my due,*  
*Give to your Master what I give to you.*

---

Lazarus his Petition.

**M**ost Noble Sir, *I humbly crave*  
*What Nature doth exãct from Me.*  
*I am a Borderer on the Grave,*  
*Half-slain with sharp Necessity.*

*For Chi'drens Bread I do not Call ;*  
*I do not Ask your Servants Fare ;*  
*Only the Sweepings of your Hall*  
*I Beg ; and what your Dogs may spare.*

*Doem Me not, Sir, to Perish at your Gate,*  
*Who may Preserve Me, at so Cheap a Rate ;*  
*For Father Judah's sake some Fragments give,*  
*I'll serve You at God's Altars whilst I live.*

---

Dives his Answer.

**VV**HAT Dog is this that dares Presume on Me  
*Accurst be all such Crawling Toads as He.*  
*Pests of my Gate, Vermin that Creep so Nigh*  
*— I Hate 'em. Let Him Rot and Die.*

In vain the poor Mans thoughts pursu'd his Suit  
 The Dogs were humane, but their Lord a Bruit:  
 They left their Snarling to their Masters Face.  
 They Ran and LAZARUS gently did embrace.



He was the pity'd Patient of those Hounds, (wounds.  
Whose lambent Tongues did cool his burning

This done, the squalid Vassals of the Times  
Scorn'd ragged Virtue, Honour'd purple Crimes.  
Things are mis-judged by the purblind Eye,  
Which views their Posture not their tendency.  
Till *Justice* 'wakes to right its injur'd Laws  
Which doth not weigh the Person, but the Cause.

Nor Rags, nor Sores, are Clouds that can disguise  
A splendid Soul to Heavens Soul-searching Eyes :  
Earths *Laz'rus* was Heavens *Dives* ; Earths disdain  
Was a meet Guest for Heaven to entertain.

Now comes the Golden Hour that sets him free  
From his Apprenticeship to misery.  
His Corps (the Graves old Neighbour) long Undrest,  
At length is slipt into its Bed of Rest.

A Treasure 'tis, tho' Funeral-costs it wants.

*The Richest Mineral is the Dust of Saints.*

He was his own (most serious) Mourner here.

He Mourn'd enough. He needs no Hired Tear.

The time is come, that *Lazarus* must be clad  
With such fine Linnen, *Dives* never had.

The time is come, that *Lazarus* must be Fed  
With Heavens rich Juices, and with Angels Bread.

There is a Table richly Spread above.  
There is an Everlasting Feast of Love.  
A Feast which Friends and Friendship doth maintain;  
Pale Envy is not there, nor proud disdain.  
They all are One ; In One they all agree,  
One is their all, which makes all one to be,

Here's Height of Mirth, with Depth of Seriousness  
 Plenty without the Hazard of Excess.  
 Here are full Joys in Hand. full Joys in view,  
 Here Wine and Appetite are ever new.  
 Ever begins their Feast and ne're doth end,  
 Whom growing Loaves and Living Springs attend.  
 Their Harps are well-strung Hearts, well-tuned  
 And Sacred Hallelujahs are their Songs. (Tongues  
 Here sit the Saints. Here the Believers Sire  
 Is Nobly Seated in his Rich Attire.  
 Hither the King of Heaven new Guests doth call.  
 Nor can he come too late that comes at all.

The Mighty One who Dwells and Rules on High  
 Angels attend with an obedient Eye.  
 The Secrets of his Breasts they do not Skill,  
 But are the trusty Servants of his Will.  
 Thus charg'd he them, 'Bring Lazarus to the Feast  
 'And let him take his Place next Abraham's Breast.  
 They heard with Reverence, and Obey'd their King,  
 Joy rais'd their Hearts, and nimbly shook their Wing.  
 They fled from Heaven, yet Heaven was with them  
 It was their Heaven to do their Masters Will. (still  
 They stopt not at the Stars (that pompous show)  
 Who went to view a Brighter Star below.  
 The Point design'd they well did understand,  
 Who had old Voyagers been to Canaans Land.  
 There they had been *Lords* Guests (who was their Ward  
 There had they been *Elisha's* Flaming Guard.  
 In that Land chiefly lay their Lords Affairs (Wares,  
 They traffiqu'd there for Souls (those precious

Soon came they where Sick Lazarus had his Lare  
 They stop'd and waited for their Passenger.

No visitant found they with him, but the Lord ;  
 No Nurse, but Faith ; no Cordial, but the Word.  
 They heard him praying, ' *Lord, some mercy Show,*  
 ' *For I can find no Mercy here below*  
 This said, he Sigh'd, and was of Life bereav'd.  
 He gave his Soul, and they his Soul receiv'd.  
 With Shouts and Songs triumphant up they went,  
 And to the Company did him present.  
 They shouted all, and joy'd the New-come Guest.  
 He gently stoops and leans on *Abrahams* Breast.

Whom *Dives* Curs'd and stately Fools disdain'd,  
 How is he Blest ! how is he Entertain'd !  
 Tho' Vertue here on Earth neglected lies,  
 Yet Heaven will raise it. For 'tis born to rise.  
*Dives*, that Silken God, must never dye  
 Unless his Creatures and false prophets lye.  
 He's safe, if *Death* be cast as far behind  
 His Body, as it is below his Mind.  
 He's always young ; He Learns it from his Glass,  
 Which smooths his furrow'd Brow and paints his  
 But a Cold striking hand confutes the Lye. (Face.  
 Down falls his Flattering Glass. His Fancies dye.  
 His Garden-walks must him no longer know.  
 The Life-Tree in his Garden doth not grow.  
 His Palace must be Chang'd for a dark Tomb,  
 That was his Inn, but this must be his Home ;  
 He must no longer at his Table stay,  
 The Voider (*Death*) is come to take away.  
 Death, that abhorr'd (both Name and) thing, comes  
 And potently torments this Potent One. (on  
 It makes Amazing Breaches, and in short  
 Hath Seiz'd the Out-works and attacks the Fort.  
 In what a wretched Posture doth he Lye !  
 He cannot Live, and yet he dares not dye.

His

His Debt must be restrain'd ; for he'll not pay  
 Nor yield his Ghost ; it must be fetcht away.  
 He sprunts, he struggles ; but Death keeps him under,  
 And with one stroke tears Flesh and Soul asunder.  
 Then rang the House with his Five Brethrens Cries,  
 Alas ! our Brother ; so they clos'd his Eyes.  
 His outward parts are wash'd ; his inner Rooms  
 Stuff'd with *Arabian* Sweets and rich Perfumes.  
 Now Death his Purple is. Now he's allow'd  
 Fine Linnen too ; but 'tis a Fun'ral Shrowd.  
 Grave-fac'd Spectators with their Garments torn  
 And Shrouded Lips attend. The Room doth mourn.  
 Ah what a poor Revenge is this on Fate !  
 For him that cannot live, to Lie in State.  
 Amidst the Gazing Crowd the Bearers come,  
 With Pomp they bring him to his painted Tomb.  
 Minstrels and Trumpeters their Noises joyn,  
 And Women sell false Tears for Currant Coyn.  
 Now lest his Friends should in salt streams be drown'd  
 The Cup of Consolation goes its Round.

But stay, my Soul ; 'tis Death that thou must view,  
 Not Shadows which dead Bodies do Ensue.

What a dark Notion and Abstrusity  
 Is this to Living Men, that they must die !  
 Grim Death on his pale Horse Triumphant Rides ;  
 He strikes us through our nearest Kinsmans Sides.  
 Yet are we senseless as the stupid Mule,  
 Live as Exceptionous from the Common Rule.  
 We cast a Cloth o're Death ; 'tis soon forgot.  
 We Charm the Serpent, and it stings us not.

Now might one let this pleasant Error pass,  
 If Death was all. But Death his Second has.

When

When once the Dissolution Hour is come,  
Out goes the Soul to hear her Final Doom.

You who have Slightly heard the Fun'ral Knell,  
Now hear the Voice which dooms thy Ghost to Hell.  
For those whose hearts an Earthquake will not shake,  
Thro' Heav'n's Loud-roaring Cannons may awake.

*Dives* black Ghost (all Horrour and Despair)  
Is from its Prison Snatch'd to th'dismal Bar.  
Behind him the impatient Devils roar.  
His Sins (those worst of Devils) stand before.  
With Terroures thus besieg'd in every place,  
He hears a Voice, but might not see the Face.  
The Voice was roaring Thunder in his Ears.  
The words were tearing Bolts and flaming Spears.  
"Go thou accurst, vile Caitiff, hence away  
"To damned Ghosts. Come Devils, take your prey.  
Struck with this Thunder, down he sunk he fell,  
And was a Triumph to the Fiends of Hell.  
Th'ingenious Tyrants did a Council pack,  
Their Malice set their Wits upon the Wrack.  
When they had joyntly study'd to Torment,  
For their pale Prisoner then in haste they sent.  
They chain'd and flak'd him to a furious Flame,  
Where constant streams of Brimstone feed the same.  
Behold Sins Martyr, and Hell's Sacrifice!  
He yells and howls, and vents unpity'd Cries,  
He finds no Friendly Ear or tender Eye.  
He feels a thousand deaths, but cannot die.  
Like burning Brass he's Fir'd in every part.  
A Vultur lives upon his Living Heart.  
God's gone, he's gone. And what an Hell is this,  
To be depriv'd of everlasting Bliss!

O this Eternal Banishment is worse  
 Than all the Remnant of the Dooms-day Curse.  
 This Hell of Hell may thus be understood,  
 No Torments are so bad as God is good.  
 Besides, an Appetite in Man doth lie;  
 Which nothing but a God can satisfie.  
 And tho' this Appetite be here deluded  
 By various Objects, in God's room obtruded.  
 Yet when at death all these are laid aside,  
 Then thirsts the Soul for God, but is deny'd.  
 This Thirst unquench'd is such an inward Flame,  
 An Hell in Hell is its deserved Name.  
 In Hell there cannot be an Atheist.  
 'Tis Hell in Hell that God is dearly mist.

Poor Dives cries, "The God for whom I starve,  
 "I cannot see, because I would not serve,  
 "I Bleed to think. (and thinking is my Fate)  
 "He often knocked at my Bolted Gate.  
 "Where are those Baits on which my Lusts did prey,  
 "The Price of which I cast my self away?  
 "Where's now my Pomp and Pride, my Feasts and Sports,  
 "Whose Chains detain'd me from the Sacred Courts?  
 "O did my Hou'e so near the Temp'le stand  
 "O did I perish out of Judah's Land!  
 "Might I be Try'd once more! But 'tis too late.  
 "Justice hath lock'd the Golden Mercy-Gate.  
 "Now I believe, and tremble. I Repent,  
 "But my Repentance is my Punishment.  
 "It is not Virtue, but Necessity.  
 "Alas how miserable wise am I?  
 "Might I return now to that happy Night  
 "Which veil'd me ere my Parents saw the Light,  
 "Ah me! must I lie here! and ne're come out.  
 He raves and flings his Curses round about.

He Curs'd both Heaven & Hell, he Curs'd the Earth  
 He Curs'd the Day that Witness'd to his Birth.  
 But neither can his tears his griefs assuage.  
 Nor does it cool his Heart to Vent his Rage.  
 His Keen Reflection makes the Furnace Glow.  
 Must be ever with me as 'tis now.

Hells Flames no Ashes will produce : But I  
 Must ever Dying Live, and Living Die.  
 "Souls for themselves the Balm of Patience bear.  
 "'Tis the Poors Physick, but it grows, not here ;  
 "My Soul is Fill'd with Home-bred Tears and Taunts,  
 "'Tis its own Fury. And it self it Haunts :  
 "Pity was wont in Miseries House to dwell,  
 "But I am haled by the Hounds of Hell.  
 "Time us'd to be a Surgeon good at Wounds,  
 "But I am g't beyond its happy Bounds.  
 "A Vessel charg'd with Scalding Wrath am I  
 "Hoop'd in the Circle of Eternity.

You who affect the pleasant Path to Hell,  
 And love damnation in its Causes well,  
 Look streight before you on your Journeys End.  
 Do ye not see th'infernal Smoak ascend ?  
 Have not some Sparks into your Bosoms Flown,  
 Whereby the Neighb'ring Coasts may well be known.  
 Bold Sinner, stop. No further progress make,  
 Lest your next step be in the Fiery Lake.  
 But, Oh ! He ridicules his Souls Affairs  
 And Labours to be damn'd at unawares.  
 His Humour will not bear a Countermand.  
 Alas for them who hate to understand !  
 Who on their Souls Experiments will try  
 At the Charge of a sad Eternity.  
 Alas for them who never will awake,  
 Till they are plung'd into the burning Lake !

*Dives* was here struck blind with Flatt'ring Lies,  
 Now the Hell-brand lifts up his Flaming Eyes.  
 He spies the Region where the Happy dwell,  
 But Heaven at distance is another Hell.  
 He spies a *Canaan's* Feast ; for chiefly there,  
 The Natives of his Countrey do appear.  
 He spies Blest *Abraham* with his faithful Race,  
 And *Lazarus* sitting next to *Abraham's* place.  
 Oh ! how it twinges and torments his Eyes ?  
 His scorn to Envy turns ; And thus he Cries,  
 " This Scoundrel who lay Starving at my Gate,  
 " Is now a Peer in Heaven, an Angels Mate.  
 " The Beggar sits and feeds on Angels Fare,  
 " His Rags are Robes, such as Heavens Nobles wear.  
 " The Dog, whom in derision once I had,  
 " Is turn'd into a Star, which makes me Mad.

Now *Dives* is the Beggar, and applies  
 Himself to *Abraham* with his mournful Cries.

*Dives his Petition.*

**A** H Father Abraham, Pity me  
 Who with tormenting Flames am Stung,  
 For pity whither should I Flee  
 But to the Bowels whence I Sprung ?

The Grapes Rich Blood I do not Crave,  
 Waters Cheap Element will Suffice.  
 And tho' my Tongue thirsts for a Wave,  
 For one poor Drop it only Cries.

By *Lazarus* moist'ned Finger may you please  
 To give my scor'd Tongue one Moment's Ease.



## Dives and Lazarus.

1.

ies, I dwell in Flames, and Flames in Me do dwell.  
O for a drop from Heaven to sweeten Hell!

Mark how the Wheel is turn'd. The time is come.  
He begs a Drop, who once deny'd a Crumb.  
Right-thinking Judges then must needs approve  
The tart and equal Answer from above.

---

### Abraham's Answer.

**A**RT thou forlorn of God, and com'st to me?  
What can I tell thee then but Misery?  
Remember, Son, the Heav'n thy Feet have Trod,  
Earth was thy Heav'n, and Pleasure was thy God.  
Remember *Lazarus* had his Hell below.  
Thou wert the Devil which did cause his woe.  
Now are his Rags Heav'n's Robes with glorious Beams.  
Thy Purple, Flames; thy Juncats, Sulphurous Streams.

Is he thy With who was thy Scorn before?  
Shall *Lazarus* now be welcom to thy door?  
And dost imagine some fair Bridge to lie  
Betwixt the White and Black Eternity?  
No, there's a mighty Gulf which rends in twain  
The Fiery Region and the Ætherial Plain.  
We are too happy to be dispossest;  
And you so cursed you can ne're be blest.  
We are so rais'd, that we can never fall;  
And you so sunk, you cannot rise at all.  
Once Angels went from Heaven to Hell: But first  
They blackned were to Devils. and accurst.  
Since those Stars fell none of the Heav'nly hosts  
Or did or shall visit th' infernal Coasts.

To

To you 'tis bitter, but to us 'tis sweet,  
 That we are parted and must never meet.  
 Heav'n were not Heav'n, if it near Hell were plac'd,  
 Nor Hell were Hell, if it of Heaven might tast.  
 Can our pure Light with Smoak and Darknes dwell?  
 The Poles shall sooner meet than Heaven and Hell.

Though Speech avails not wracking misery,  
 Extorts from him another fruitless Cry.

*Dives his Second Petition.*

**I**F such an Envious Gulf there be,  
 Yet, Father, lend an Ear to me :  
 From Earth to Heaven a way is Pav'd ;  
 How else came Lazarus to be Sav'd.  
 Let me so small a boon entreat,  
 That Lazarus may his Steps Repeat,  
 And that he may Embod'y'd go,  
 And tell the Stories of my Wo  
 To my Five Brethren, who all dwell nithin  
 My Fathers House (Oh had he never been!) }  
 Brethren in Bonds of Nature and of Sin. }  
 O let him tell them that there is a God.  
 Whose Scepter is a Sin-Revening Rod.  
 And let him tell them that advent'rous Drolls,  
 Shall find unto their Costs that they have Souls.  
 Mine stuck i'th' Scabbard ; till its angry Lord  
 Unsheath'd it and it prov'd a Flaming Sword.  
 That Limbeck, Death, draws Spirits from our Clay,  
 To th' Element of Souls they hast away.  
 And let him tell them, that the Sadducee  
 Shall be Hells Convert, and Recant with me.

*Whilst*

## Dives and Lazarus.

Whilst they lye Sleeping on the Brink of Hell.  
They Smoak they see not, nor the Brimstone Smell.  
There they'l disport themselves with Golden Dreams,  
Till they betray 'em to these burning Streams.  
But let him Scare them with an hollow Sound,  
That they (like Lot) may Flee their curst Ground.  
O send him quickly lest they Tumble in,  
And prove the Flaming Records of my Sin.  
Can I no Water get at my d fire;  
Yet, O, no more, no more, new Fleaks of Fire.

This Abraham heard with Unrelenting Ears,  
No pity's due to Hell-Hounds Cries and Tears.

---

### Abraham's Answer.

Once Heaven bow'd down and touch'd th' Arabian  
And gave a Sampler of the Sacred Will (Hill,  
To Moses Hands, that chosen Man of God;  
Copies were taken and dispers'd abroad.  
(So his kind Arms abroad the River Flings,  
So the free Sun extends, his fruitful Wings;  
As this most Sacred Light it self displays,  
And Gilds the Tents of Jacob with its Rays.  
For Saints to come from God there is no cause;  
Himself came down and did promulge his Laws.  
Needs Lazarus take a Journey from the Sky,  
When Wisdom at your Brethrens Gates doth cry:  
Let them hear Moses read by their Divines  
Ith' Synagogue to which their House adjoyns.  
And let them hear the Reverend Prophets next  
Those wondrous Commentatours on the Text.

## Dives his Reply.

**M**oses ('tis true) was an Unerring Guide,  
 So were those Sixteen Prophets on his side.  
 This I as much believe, as if I saw  
 The Flaming Mount, and heard the Fiery Law,  
 When every word was accented with Thunder,  
 Which Rent those Oaks, the Jewish hearts asunder.  
 'Tis here as necessary to believe,  
 As it is Natural to feel and grieve.  
 I that am now a proof of Sacred Writ,  
 Do argue backwards with my After-wit.  
 Hell in the Threatnings tho' I did not See,  
 The Threatnings are in Hell made plain to Me.  
 I Skow'd upon the Heavens when they did Lowre.  
 The Clouds I fear'd not, but I feel the Shower.  
 Nothing will move my Brethren but a Sign,  
 Experience is the powerfulest Divine.  
 Faith is the Child of Sense, whereas Report  
 Is Entertain'd with Blasphemy or Sport.  
 They have a Sword to Cut the Gordian Knot;  
 Moses saith many things, but proves them not.  
 And tho' they hear Substantial proofs there be,  
 Nothing is proof to them but what they See.  
 Had they an Emissary from above,  
 The very Sight a Future state would prove.  
 Might he but tell them of your Heavenly Strand,  
 They'd all turn Pilgrims for that Holy Land.  
 Or might he preach the Torments which I feel,  
 His words would wound like burning Gads of Steel.  
 His words would tear down all, like Thundring Guns,  
 Beyond the faint attempts of Levies Sons.

*O were I of this cursed Chain-Releas'd !  
 (With that he gnash'd his teeth and knock'd his  
 Might I be to the Earth a Preacher sent, (breast.)  
 I'de burn up Sin like Stubble where I went.  
 I'de Smoak away their Lusts and Flattering Lies.  
 Or forth I'de drive them with my Glaring Eyes.  
 I'de blow a Trumpet which should Rend the Ground,  
 Their Trembling Heartstrings should in Consort Sound.  
 I'de teach the faithless Sadducees their Creed,  
 And make the Pharisees to pray indeed.  
 I'de tell the Ranters such a doleful Tale,  
 That they should mourn as in Megiddons Vale.  
 I'de unbewitch the Sots and Slaves of Sin,  
 That such a Reformation should begin,  
 As in Josiah's time did not befall,  
 And the next Age should Canonize 'em all.*

---

*Abraham's Rejoynder.*

**A** Preaching Apparition would confound  
 Heaven daring Giants with its dreadful Sound.  
 (None quake so soon as they who Heaven do dare;  
 Who fear not God, the greatest Cowards are.)  
 But were the coast once clear, the shake once o're,  
 The Lees would settle as they did before.  
 'It was a waking Dream they would conclude,  
 'A Juggle which our Senses did delude.  
 'Or did we something see? And something hear?  
 'Yet whence it came, it doth not yet appear.  
 Nay, they would gravely reason out the Case,  
 'What we can grasp, we gladly will embrace.  
 'The rest we leave. To them let Children heark,  
 'And fright themselves with Fancies in the dark.  
 'What is a Spirit? What's Infinity?  
 'What does the word [Eternal] signify?

Charm'd

Charm'd are their Souls with this Oration made.  
And now their fear shall vanish like the Shade.

*Thus Fools (tho' pounded) will not lose a Grain,  
And Frozen Snakes, when thaw'd, will hisse again.*

Come now, thou that pretend'st to Act the Man,  
Something there needs must be, which ne're began.  
If all were nothing once, So 'twould be now.  
A Number from bare Cyphers could not grow.  
Nothing's a Barren Womb. If that could breed,  
To be and not to be were well agreed.

One point is gain'd, that something ever was.  
This hard word, Ever; You must let it pass.  
Know'st thou how far this Ever doth extend?  
You must grant what you cannot Comprehend.

But what was Ever? This Imperial Robe  
Suits not the azure nor the Verdant Globe.

One is a turning Wheel that Spins out time,  
The other Pools with Spots of hardned slime.

Now mark the kinds of each, and you shall find  
Unto their proper Sphears they are Confin'd.

Hereby is their Original Confest,

There's but a partial goodness in the best.

This is the Voice of their infirmity,

*'Mere Beggars and Derivatives are we.*

What's of it self, that doth its self Suffice,

'Tis from our Creatureship our wants arise.

What's of it self, that in it self is Blest,

'Tis its own Center and at perfect rest.

Rich is that Being whence all Beings are,

And whence each Being has its proper Share;

Nor is't a wonder of so High degree

To make to be, as of it self to be.

Something then ever was, which needs must be,

From all the shades of Imperfections free.

Hence

de. Hence are we. And to think, in vain we are,  
Is to condemn his Wisdom at our Bar.  
ain. As Men the Badge of their dependance wear  
On their frail Flesh (the Graves probationer)  
an. And on their hearts, whose restless Motions show  
Something they want, which is not here below:  
So must they own whom they are forc'd to know,  
And pay themselves to whom themselves they Owe.  
Neither would this their Light of comfort Dim,  
But they should serve themselves in serving him.  
*When Graves upbraid proud Grave-stones with their Lies,  
Gods Servant is a Title never dies.*

The thoughts in Man do prove his Soul to be ;  
His Conscience bodes his immortality.  
This Bosom-Magistrate his Facts espies  
And binds him over to the last Assize.  
He trembles at his Summons to appear.  
His fear makes not a God, God makes his fear.  
Religion by Corroding doth assay  
Even thro' an Heart of Rock to force its way.  
O might he to himself be so sincere,  
To strive to please whom he's constrain'd to fear.

Yet will he be a Vagrant all his days,  
Without a Method to direct his ways.  
What Eye e're pierc'd th'Almighties Sacred Breast?  
Himself knows only what will please him best.

Since Man was made to serve his Makers will,  
Which is an height transcending humane skill,  
A Rule must needs be granted from on High  
For him to regulate his Actions by.  
This Heaven-sprung Rule that Sacred Roll contains,  
Which in the Consecrated Land remains.

Its words and mysteries are all Divine,  
 And weighty Mountains hang on every Line.  
 It (Sun-like) shines by its own Golden Beams.  
 And scorns its base Corrivals senseless Dreams.  
 Those Spangels which the Heathen Sages left  
 Were from this Mine snatch'd by an Honest Theft.  
 Give me that hardy Brow, that dares deny  
 The Bibles well attested History :  
*Moses* said many things, and prov'd them too  
 With proofs which all Hells Magick did out-do.  
 Gods power he carry'd in his Hands, to show  
 That from his Mouth the Truths of God did flow.  
 And his Credentials on his Face did shine,  
 Which there were written by a Beam Divine.  
 The gazing *Jews* were struck, who plainly saw  
 That whence he had his Light, he had his Law.

Those Sections which the sacred Code begin,  
 Were by an Age of wonders Usher'd in.  
 The Prophets superstructure firmly stands  
 On two hewn Stones laid by th'Almighties Hands.  
 They count the footsteps of their coming Lord,  
 They view the Mercy-seat with one accord.  
 One tells his Name, another tells his place,  
 Another writes the Beauties of his Face.  
 Thus is he Glanc'd at by their piercing Eyes.  
 The last of them his Harbinger espies.  
 And O the Brisk, the Charming Airs that Spring  
 From the consent of each Harmonious string !  
 He's over-wise who dreads Fictitious lines  
 From Hands unbrib'd and Hearts without designs.  
 They wrote beyond themselves. Which serves to  
 Their hearts & hands were guided from above (prove)  
 The Worlds just Age, and what was done of old  
 Are in this sacred Register inroll'd.

Here



Here may be seen the pristin state of Man,  
 And, that *Niles* Head, the Source where ill's began.  
 Here may be seen what makes a second Spring.  
 Here is the best account of every thing.  
 The Wonders witness'd now by mortal Eyes,  
 Are but the products of its Prophecies.  
*The Scriptures rule the World. Till this shall burn,*  
*All Ages on that Axle-Tree shall turn.*

This Heaven inspired Volume doth avow  
 What reason may embrace or must allow.  
 When God describes himself, 'tis such an height,  
 As far surmounts quick fancies highest Flight.  
 'Tis Reason. Reason should be puzzled here.  
 Man should be God if he knew what he were.  
 To these vast heights thus sober Reason saith,  
 I see the Seals. And yields the Chair to Faith.  
 Now the Almighty's Word shall Vermin slight,  
 When Heaven and Earth bear witness to its Might.  
 Vast Numbers from his Word at first did flow,  
 And must his Word pass for a Cypher now ?  
 Nay. His Commands at first Creations were.  
 And now his Word Commands and gives an Ear,  
 It is a Sun that gives both Light and Eyes,  
 A Voice that bids and makes the dead arise..  
 It makes Clods, Stars ; And sends them to the Sky ;  
 And turneth Heaven into a Colony.

Unbelief is not Reason but a Lust.  
 Gods Hand and Sword give it its mortal thrust.  
 The Law of the two Tables will prevail,  
 VVhen other (self-invented) means shall fail.  
 VVhilst other Archers Level in the Dark,  
 The Arrows from Gods Quiver hit the Mark.

What Voices or what Visions would you have,  
 Gods Voice (or nothing) will your Brethren save.  
 New Methods of Salvation to contrive  
 Is fruitless Labour. Let 'em hear and Live,  
 But if they won't, their *Mittimus* is Seal'd.  
 A stubborn Patient never can be heal'd.

*If Preachers rais'd by God they will disdain.*

*Preachers rais'd from the Grave should Preach in vain.*

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# Penitential Cries.

## I. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

### I.

**A**H Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?  
 What will become of me?  
 What shall I say, what shall I do?  
 Or whither shall I flee?

By wandering I have lost my self.

And here I'll make my moan,  
 O whither whither have I stray'd,  
 Ah Lord what have I done?

### II.

Thy Candle searches all my Rooms  
 And now I plainly see,  
 The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell  
 Are summed up in me.

The Seeds of all the Ills that grow  
 Are in my Garden sown,  
 And multitudes of them are sprung,  
 Ah Lord what have I done?

### III.

I have been Satans willing slave,  
 And his most easie prey,  
 He was not readier to command,  
 Than I was to Obey;

Or

*Penitential Cries;*

5

Or if at times he left my Soul,  
Yet still his Work went on,  
I was a Tempter to my self;  
Ah Lord what have I done?

IV.

I put at all the threats of Heaven,  
And slighted all its charms,  
Nor Satans Fetters would I leave,  
For Christs inviting Arms:  
I had a Soul but priz'd it not,  
And now my Soul is gone.  
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,  
Ah Lord what have I done?

II. *The Sinner's Remorse, as the 25 Psalm,*

I.

**L**ORD thou hast overcome,  
I've got my deadly wound,  
And he that Kicks against the Pricks,  
Will soon himself confound;  
My Sins those venomous Darts,  
Which Heaven-wards I did throw,  
Are now my Rack, being driven back  
By mine Almighty Foe.

II.

My Sins have found me out,  
And at my door they lie;  
And there they stay both night and day,  
And there I hear them cry;  
In vain my Friends attempt  
To cure my miseries,

What they propound to me is drown'd  
In sins loud roaring cries.

## III.

In vain are all the Tears  
Of them that stand without,  
My Dart's within, it is my sin,  
They cannot pull it out;  
My Heart is all one wound,  
My breath repeated sighs,  
My Bread is tears, my life is fears,  
My Language Groans and Cries.

## IV.

What are Heavens lights to him  
Who in the Dungeon lies,  
Not one thin Ray, or piece of day  
Does chear my clouded eyes;  
Sins match enkindles Hell,  
Sin makes the Damned Roar,  
This I have heard without regard,  
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinners Fears.*

## I.

**A** Las ! for I have seen the Lord,  
With a drawn Sword he stood,  
Now might he sheath it in my flesh,  
And bathe it in my blood;  
I've dar'd him with my mighty sins,  
As if we was too slow,  
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,  
As an intraged Foe.

II.

What shall a guilty Sinner do ?  
When Justice do's appear,  
Or whither shall I flee from him,  
Whose place is every where ?  
As I can neither stand nor fly,  
So neither can I bear,  
That mighty hand which Grinds the Rocks,  
And doth foundations tear.

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul  
Do's start at every thing,  
It hourly fears huge Hosts of wrath  
From this incensed King ;  
Should he but his Commissions grant  
All Creatures would engage  
Against me as their Common foe,  
With an united rage.

IV.

I have such Monsters in my Soul,  
As do portend and tell,  
As Devils here with me have dwelt  
So I with them must dwell ;  
They have my wretched Soul possess'd,  
They hold it in their chains,  
I fear least they should drag it down  
To suffer endless pains.

V.

My fears are just, I've deserv'd Hell,  
And 'tis my proper hire,  
But who can dwell, O who can dwell  
With everlasting Fire ?

*IV. The Sinner's Shame or Confusion.*

## I.

SO foolish, so absurd am I,  
 That nothing can be more ;  
 Was ever such a Monster seen  
 Upon the Earth before ?  
 I dare not look upon the Earth,  
 The witness of my Sin ;  
 My conscience is a Doomsday Book :  
 I dare not look within.

## II.

Upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes,  
 For there my Judge doth sit :  
 Nor downwards whence the smoke does rise,  
 From the Infernal Pit ;  
 How shall I answer at the Bar,  
 Of him, who is most pure ?  
 I cannot answer for my self ;  
 My self I can't endure.

## III.

And as my self I can't endure,  
 My self I cannot fly ;  
 Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,  
 And what a Slave am I ?  
 My Heart the seat of folly is,  
 My Life a Life of Sin,  
 Surely I am more brutish far,  
 Than ever Brute hath been.

## IV.

Is this my wit, is this my way ?  
 To make a glorious name ?

Is this the thanks I've paid to Heaven,  
 Ah what a beast I am ?  
 The Crown is fallen from my Head,  
 My Royal Robes are gone ?  
 Confusion is my only Cloak,  
 And I must put it on.

V.

And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,  
 Here will I sit alone ;  
 And here I'll lead the Lepers life,  
 And make my doleful moan :  
 I am not worthy of the Earth,  
 Not worthy of the Air,  
 Not worthy of one watery drop,  
 But of the Damned's fare.

VI.

O how it kills my heart to think  
 Upon my foolish ways !  
 Yet this I'll bear, and bless the Lord,  
 Because damnation stays.

V. *The Sinner's Amazement, as the 25 Psalm.*

I.

**I** Read that Sins are Clouds,  
 Whence Vengeance storms have fell,  
 But this is that, I wonder at,  
 That I am out of Hell.  
 Sure there are those in Hell,  
 Who never have deserv'd  
 In Hell to lie, so much as I,  
 And yet I am preserv'd.

II. My

## II.

My sins have proudly scorn'd  
 My sins have boldly dar'd  
 The God of Might, with much despight,  
 And yet my Soul is spar'd.  
 The best and goodliest things,  
 Which did this World adorn,  
 By sin are ras'd, and quite defac'd,  
 Yet still I am forborn.

## III

At our first Parents breach,  
 Pale Death came rushing in,  
 The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell  
 Prest with the weights of sin.  
 The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,  
 Hell could no longer stay,  
 But lo there came a Sulph'rous Flame  
 And met them by the way.

## IV.

When *Corah* did Rebel,  
 Earth would not be his Slave,  
 To bear his weight, but opens streight,  
 And was his willing Grave.  
 When *Israel* did corrupt  
 The Air with murmuring breath,  
 It did rebound, and gave a wound,  
 And that was present Death.

## V.

The whole Creation groans,  
 Sins Racks the World do fill,



It empties Rooms, to furnish Tombs,  
Yet I am living still.  
On the Lords hand I live,  
And cannot but admire,  
He does not shake so vile a Snake  
Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd,  
Some confidently tell;  
But I do know it is not so,  
Whilst I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinners Hope.*

I.

**W**HO knows but such an one as I  
May Grace and Mercy find?  
I hear the God of *Israel*  
Is merciful and kind.  
Had he been pleas'd to torture me  
With everlasting bands,  
He might have done it long ago  
Who had me in his hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet sound,  
To call me to his Bar,  
The proofs and patterns of his Grace  
Forbid me to despair.  
Despair is such a sin of sins,  
It cannot be forgiv'n;  
Whilst other sins Hells ways do pave,  
This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III. *Cease*

## III.

Cease then thy murmuring, O my Soul,  
And silently attend,  
To th' sounding Bowels of a Christ,  
Who is the Sinners Friend.  
He does not say, Depart from me,  
Into Eternal Fire ;  
But, Come into my open Breast,  
Where weary Souls retire.

## IV.

The trembling wretch, who toucht his Hem,  
But fear'd an heavy Doom ;  
Receiv'd a Cure, and Blessing too,  
And went rejoicing home.  
The Prodigal deserv'd, and far'd  
Worse than the Swine he fed ;  
But found a Mirthful Feast 'at home,  
Who only lookt for Bread.

## V.

Heav'n lookt upon the Publican,  
Who was bow'd down with shame ;  
Mercy he call'd, which soon appear'd,  
And answer'd to its name.  
My Sins are mighty sins indeed ;  
But I have understood ;  
Great sins are foils which do inance  
The Price of Saving Blood.

## VI.

My Soul has many ghastly Wounds,  
Yet will I not despair,

Whilst there is Balm in *Gilead*,  
And a Physician there.  
That I might march to *Canaans* Land,  
The Silver Trumpet sounds,  
My Day still shines, my Tent is fix'd  
Within Salvations bounds :

VI.

The Door is shut, but is not barr'd,  
And he that is within,  
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,  
And strive to enter in:  
Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,  
Until the Door be ope ;  
Nor will I stir a foot from hence ;  
It is a Door of Hope.

VII. *The Sinner's Confession.*

I.

**W**HO, who can number all the Stars,  
Or Sands upon the Shore ?  
Thy Sins, thy Sins are multitudes,  
My Soul, thy Sins are more.  
Alas ! I cannot bear the sight,  
They do like Clouds arise ;  
The Sword of Justice will awake ;  
For they have reacht the Skies.

II.

Most stubbornly I have rebell'd,  
And broke thy Law, O God ;  
How just is it, that such a wretch  
Should feel thy Flaming Rod ?

I bleed

I bleed to think how I did slight  
 Thy Message from above;  
 How I despis'd thy Blood, O Christ,  
 And thy Redeeming Love?

## III.

How oft I did repeat my sin,  
 And ran upon the score,  
 Tho' Conscience loudly did dissuade;  
 And bad me sin no more.  
 How is it Lord thou dost so long  
 This wretched Soul forbear?  
 When almost ev'ry thoughts a sin,  
 My breath pollutes thy air.

## IV.

*Manasseh's* sins were white to mine,  
 Mine bear a Crimson die;  
 Sure never any so provok't  
 The Lord of Hosts as I.  
 Ah how much viler than the Earth  
 By sin am I become?  
 A Sinner of polluted birth,  
 A Sinner in the Womb.

## V.

Lord, whither, whither must I range  
 To count up my transgressions?  
 Give me thy pardon, in Exchange  
 Accept of my Confession.

VIII. *The Sinners Retreat.*

I.

**F**arewell, vain world, I bid adieu ;  
Thou canst not fill but cloy :  
Thy Throne, O God, does send forth new,  
And more refined joy.  
Meer Vanity does Man pursue  
With eagerness and heat ;  
The bravest things the World can shew  
Are but a perfect cheat :

II.

Who gain the riches of the Earth,  
Gain but a finer dross,  
Who gain a World, and lose a Soul,  
Sustain the greatest loss.  
The blast of honour sounds aloud,  
Yet that's but empty air,  
Which quickly passes thro' the Croud :  
And do's no more appear.

III.

Alas there's nothing here that can  
True blessedness afford ;  
Ye painted shadows, get you gone,  
Ye hold me from my Lord ;  
He's blest indeed who loveth God,  
Whose undefiled mind  
Can scorn such poor delights, and can  
In Jesus better find.

IV.

O happy they who only love  
Their God, and him admire !      That

That I may taste your purer joys,  
 I'll from the World retire.  
 I'll make it my ambition now,  
 To be belov'd of God :  
 Sinners, in time, in time, return,  
 Before you feel his Rod.

*IX. The Sinner's Resolves.*

I.

**T**HIS empty World has now too long  
 Deceived me with lies,  
 I am resolved to be gone ;  
 Deluded Soul, arise.  
 Go fly to Christ without delay,  
 Engage him for thy Friend,  
 Such men are blessed in their way,  
 And blessed in their end.

II.

What have I more to do with sin ?  
 Ye flatt'ring sweets be gone ;  
 The time and place 'twas acted in,  
 Are sad to think upon.  
 My vain companions I'll forsake,  
 Them from their ways withdraw,  
 I'll read a Lecture that shall make  
 Those frozen hearts to thaw.

III.

My sins will I no more repeat,  
 Nor finish that begun,  
 My Summons to the Judgment Seat  
 May come before it's done.

I will

I will not with my Finger once  
Touch my beloved Sin.  
Who knows its latter end? you know  
But where it did begin.

IV.

The snares of Satan lye so low,  
And are so smoothly plac'd;  
I'll softly tread where e're I go,  
And never act in haste.  
The word and Spirit I'll obey,  
And think if God say so,  
It is enough, I'll never stay,  
To see what others do.

V.

I'll dedicate my self to God  
And his alone will be,  
I triumph I am in the road  
To true felicity.  
Lord, all is spread before thy face,  
My Soul resolves upon;  
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,  
O leave it not alone!

X. *The Sinners Cry for pardon.*

I.

**G**reat God, thou art a God of Grace,  
Who pardons hast in store;  
O do not turn away thy face  
From me, tho I am poor.  
I do deserve the hottest plagues  
Of an incens'd God;

To drink the Vials of his wrath,  
To feel the damneds rod.

## II.

But turn away thy wrath from me,  
Now turning at thy call ;  
O why should'st thou exalt thy self  
In thy poor Creatures fall ?  
I might be cast into thy Jail,  
There lie for evermore ;  
But Lord, thy patience did give Bail,  
Thy Christ did pay the score.

## III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,  
This is the Total Summ,  
For Mercy, Lord is all my suit,  
Lord, let thy mercy come.  
Lord, if thou wilt my sins forgive,  
Wilt not in wrath destroy ;  
'Twill add new comforts to thy Saints,  
Fresh triumphs to their joy.

## IV.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,  
To turn and seek thy face ;  
When they shall hear the worst of them  
Has now obtain'd thy Grace.  
My Sins are Mountains, tho they be,  
These Mountains cannot stand.  
What are those Mountains to my Christ ?  
They fly at thy command,



V.

My Sins indeed are numberless,  
are not thy Mercies so?  
This did thy pardon'd ones profess,  
They bad me to thee go.  
Tho they be numerous and great,  
I'm in Salvation's Road;  
They cannot pass the blood of Christ;  
Which is the blood of God.

VI.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word do's say,  
Grace has abounded more;  
This is, and shall be still my plea;  
Whilst thou hast Grace in store.  
Mercy, good Lord, Mercy, I ask;  
This is the total sum,  
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,  
Lord let thy Mercy come.

XI. *The Sinner's Address to Christ.*

I.

**W**Here lies a Sin, I'll drop a tear,  
Then view Redeeming blood,  
To mourning Souls Christ will appear,  
And surely do them good.  
'Tis thou alone, my Lord, canst give  
This asking heart relief.  
Christ's gentle voice would make it live,  
His hand wipe off my grief.

## II.

Those falsely call'd the sweets of Sin,  
Are bitter unto me ;  
I loath the state that I am in,  
Lord, may I come to thee ?  
But O wilt thou receive him now  
That's coming to thy door ?  
For I can bring no dowry, Lord,  
I come extreamly poor.

## III.

What if my tears could make a floud,  
My rightcoufness is dross,  
Those tears need washing in thy blood,  
Tho' wept upon the Cross.  
I have an Argument to plead  
Which thou canst not deny,  
Thy Grace is free, and thou dost give  
To Sinners, such as I.

## IV.

Thou dost invite all wandering Souls,  
And I am one of those,  
With thee the sick do find a Cure,  
The weary find repose.  
The world and Sin will ever vex,  
Will trouble and molest,  
I therefore trust my Soul with Christ  
To bring to Heavens rest.

*XII. The Sinners Reception.*

I.

**W**hilst others costly Offerings bring  
Unto my Lord most dear,  
To him a Song of Praise I'll sing,  
And sacrifice a Tear.  
This is my choicest gift, I have  
No better to impart ;  
When thou receiv'dst me first ; then I  
Did offer up mine heart.

II.

I am the Prodigal return'd,  
And met upon a plain,  
And thou the loving Father, that  
Invit'st me home again.  
Thou didst invite, and bring me home,  
My study now shall be  
To furnish and prepare a Room,  
Where Christ may dwell with me.

III.

O cleanse my Soul and make it white,  
Adorn it with thy Grace,  
To dwell with me do thou delight,  
And never hide thy face.  
Who can but love so dear a Lord !  
I'll make a daily feast,  
The daily exercise of Grace  
Shall entertain my Christ.

IV.

I love thee, Lord ; and thou dost know  
How I adore thy name ;

Surely, my God, I would do so,  
 Would wear a loving frame.  
 With thankfulness I will record  
 Thy kindness all my days,  
 I'll live upon and to the Lord :  
 And breath a constant praise.

XIII. *The Sinner's admiration of Divine Mercy, as the 148 Psalm.*

## I.

**T**O praise Redeeming Love,  
 Dear Christians, lend a voice,  
 Come thou Diviner Dove,  
 And help me to rejoyce ;  
 My heart too low,  
 Lord thou canst raise :  
 Best Spirit blow,  
 And I shall praise.

## II.

Here Lord will I admire  
 The wonders of thy Grace  
 Till thou shalt call me higher,  
 There to behold thy face :  
 O Heighth of Grace !  
 O Depth of Love !  
 Now fit me for  
 My place above.

## III.

Hell was my proper hire,  
 For I was Satans Slave,

Fit Fuel for that Fire,  
But God delights to save :  
God often call'd :  
I would not come :  
He call'd until  
He brought me home.

IV.

Dejected Souls may not  
Acceptance with him fear ;  
No sigh was e'er forgot ;  
He Bottles every Tear.

Do not despair,  
Because you see,  
How kind the Lord  
Has been to me.

V.

My Sins were very high,  
My Soul almost in Hell,  
Yet Mercy then drew nigh,  
And caught me as I fell.

Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto death ;  
And write a Song  
For every Breath.

VI.

Who can this Love express ?  
His Mercy ne'er decays,  
What can my Soul do less,  
Than love him all my days ?

Bless God, my Soul,  
Even unto Death,  
And write a Song  
For every Breath.

XIV. *The Sinners Thirst after more Grace.*

I.

**I** Bless my God for giving Grace,  
Wilt thou increase my store?  
And as my Graces do increase,  
Thy Praises shall be more.  
This barren Soil will never bear,  
Or else bear nothing good;  
Unless thou water with thy Care,  
And moisten with thy Blood.

II.

Be thou to me, as thou hast been  
Unto thine *Israel*,  
A Dew to keep my branches green,  
To make my blossoms smell.  
I daily thirst, I sigh, I groan,  
For greater growth in Grace;  
O spread each sigh before thy Throne,  
Before thy brighter Face.

III.

Increase the Grace that thou hast wrought,  
So kindly, freely given,  
Lord cherish it, till thou hast brought  
Me up the Stairs to Heav'n.  
This thirsty Soul must still repeat  
Its earnest Suit again.

I am thy Garden, and intreat  
Thy Garden may have Rain.

*XV. For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

**I** Have an Host of Enemies,  
Are ever breaking in,  
Satan, the World, the Flesh devise  
To ruine me by Sin.  
I trust to God, as my defence,  
Against her subtilties;  
From all destructive baits of sense,  
Wilt thou restrain mine Eyes?

II.

Tho' ye combine against my Soul,  
I make the Lord my Guard,  
Who will your fiery Breath controul,  
Who will be my Reer-ward.  
Whenever dangers near approach,  
Lord be at hand to me,  
And bring my Soul by each assault,  
The nearer unto thee.

III.

O keep from Sin, which brings a frown,  
Be gracious at my Cry:  
Let no Temptations cast them down,  
That on thy Grace relye.  
Why should that frame set up within,  
Which thine own hand did raise?

Be ever broke or flurr'd by Sin,  
Why shouldest thou lose thy praise ?

## IV.

Even as thy care, thy hand is large,  
And fills each empty space ;  
Remember that I am thy charge ;  
This day consult my case.  
My Soul, my Frame, I will commit  
To thee, O Holy Ghost !  
Thou art my Guardian, and I trust,  
Thy work shall not be lost.

XVI. *Lamenting the loss of first Love.*

## I.

**O** That my Soul was now as fair,  
As it has sometimes been,  
Devoid of that distracting care  
Without and guilt within.  
There was a time, when I could tread  
No Circle but of Love ;  
That joyous Morning now is fled ;  
How heavily I move ?

## II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force  
Thy Saviour to depart,  
When he was pleased with so course  
A Lodging in thy Heart.  
How sweetly I enjoy'd my God ?  
With how Divine a frame,  
I thought on every Plant I trod,  
I read my Saviour's Name !



III.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talkt with thee,  
 So sweetly we agreed,  
 And thou no stranger wast to me,  
 Till I became a weed.  
 The Tempter robb'd me, and I must,  
 I fear, be ever poor;  
 May this suffice to rowl i'th' dust,  
 Before thy Temple Door?

IV.

My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not  
 With Love, that Sacred Fire,  
 But since my Love has wore that blot,  
 Repentance runs the higher.  
 O might those days return again,  
 How welcome they should be!  
 Shall my Petition be in vain,  
 Since Grace is ever free.

V.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,  
 To chase away this Night,  
 Let not thine anger ever burn;  
 God once was my delight.

XVII. *The Conflict.*

I.

**O** What a War is in my Soul,  
 Which fain would be devout!  
 I am most weary with the Fight,  
 But may not yet give out.

The Flesh and Spirit, both contend  
 For this weak Soul of mine,  
 That oft I know not what to do,  
 But, Lord, I would be thine.

## II.

I would believe, but unbelief  
 Prevails the other way;  
 And I have constant cause of grief,  
 A longer night than day.  
 I cry to God, those Cries declare,  
 Whose part my Soul do's take,  
 Accepts my poor desires, whilst I  
 Do this resistance make.

## III.

My Evidences should be clear,  
 But ah the blots of Sin!  
 Turn chearing hope to sadning fear,  
 And make black doubts within.  
 The Laws of Sin, and Grace will jar,  
 Both dwelling in one room,  
 The Saints expect perpetual War,  
 Till ye are sent for home.

## IV.

Altho' these Combats make you fear,  
 They should not cast you down,  
 God will give Grace to hold out here,  
 And Glory for its Crown.

XVIII. *The Back-sliders Return.*

I.

**T**H O' I am fallen from my God,  
 I'll venture to draw nigh ;  
 His Word assures me, he would not  
 Have any Sinner die.  
 Sinners may hope to see God's Face,  
 Tho' fallen ne'er so low ;  
 If they go to the Throne of Grace,  
 And weeping, as they go.

II.

Who shames himself before him there,  
 His Sin shall be forgot ;  
 If Sinners blush, when they confess,  
 That blushing hides their spot.  
 Ah Lord ! I am asham'd to come,  
 Asham'd with thee to meet,  
 I dare not look, but down I fall  
 At thy most blessed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,  
 Thus basely wrong thy Grace ?  
 Sure I'm more vile than any one  
 Of wretch *Adam's* Race.  
 Here comes a Prodigal, Lord, hear,  
 And answer at his Call,  
 I beg for Jesus sake, that thou  
 Remember not my Fall.

## IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,  
 But yet thou knowest well, (Brands  
 Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black  
 Snatcht from a burning Hell.  
 The Blood of Bulls thou askest not,  
 A Penitential groan  
 Shall be accepted, this I bring,  
 And offer at thy Throne.

XIX. *The Sinner's Morning Prayer ; as the*  
 100 Psalm.

## I.

**G**Od who once more unseal'd mine eyes,  
 Shall have my choicest Sacrifice,  
 My highest thanks I humbly pay,  
 For Mercies running night and day.

## II.

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,  
 And Grace, that I offend no more,  
 O let thy goodness never cease ;  
 Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

## III.

As thou renewest still my days,  
 With new endearments crown my ways ;  
 Father, with me this day abide ;  
 Be thou my leader and my guide,

## IV.

That I may plainly see and know,  
 The very Path where I should go ;

And

And may at night rejoycing, say,  
My God was kind to me this day.

V.

Those Graces that I want supply,  
And keep me with a tender Eye;  
Let my corruptions more and more,  
Lose of the ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,  
And like the fruitful Lily thrive:  
The fruitful Christian honours God,  
And shews his Pastures to be good.

VII.

Give me my claim to Heaven clear,  
Thy constant Grace to persevere:  
Whilst here on Earth be thou my Guard,  
And at the last my great Reward.

XX. *The Sinner's Evening Prayer; as the*  
100 Psalm.

I.

**O** Lord, behold a wretched one,  
That flings himself before thy Throne,  
By practice sinful, and by birth,  
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth.

II.

O let thy Christ my Jesus be,  
To save from Sin and misery!  
My Soul, beneath thy feet I lay,  
Intreating Pardon for this day.

III.

## III.

God made his World, and brought me in,  
And I brought mine, my World of Sin;  
Behold those sins not as a Spy,  
To mark, or as a Judge, to try.

## IV.

But as Physician to the Poor,  
Who brings a Balsam for the Sore:  
Absolve, renew me by thy Grace;  
Fit me for Death which comes apace.

## V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,  
My Body to defend from harm;  
Preserve my wandering Soul from Sin,  
Both going out, and coming in.

## VI.

Keep far from me a careless heart.  
From which my Saviour would depart:  
O bless and prosper all my ways,  
That they may issue in thy Praise.

XXI. *Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

## I.

**I** Am a Tree that God hath set,  
Which he expects should grow:  
We must allow that Hand to reap,  
Which was at cost to sow.

## II.

If thou expectest from my Flock,  
Or from my Tillage Bread.

Then

Then help me to improve my Stock ;  
Let not thy Grace lie dead.

II.

Those Talents that the Masters send,  
The Servants must improve,  
Thine Aid, O my great Master ! send  
To help me from above.  
Since thou didst buy me, when a Slave,  
Shall I not now be true ?  
I'll use the power that I have,  
Dear Saints, for God and you.

III.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,  
That so I may restore  
Again, and pay thy Tythes unto  
Thy Deputy the Poor.  
That honour thou dost shine on me,  
Shall honour thee always ;  
My lesser Talents joyn to pay  
Their Tribute to thy Praise.

IV.

Whate'er is mine, it first was thine,  
And thine shall ever be ;  
All my Enjoyments shall combine  
To raise, and honour thee.  
My parts, my time, my every thing,  
Are wholly thine I own :  
Accept the Musick from each string  
Presented at thy Throne.

XXII. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

## I.

**T**O day the Lord of Hosts invites  
 Unto a costly Feast ;  
 O what a privilege is this,  
 To be th' Almighty's Guest !

## II.

I am invited, I must go,  
 Lord help me to prepare,  
 That so I may be welcome, and  
 Partake of Childrens fare.

## III.

All they that sit down with him must  
 Be decked with his Grace ;  
 He smiles on such Communicants,  
 And they behold his Face.

## IV.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!  
 Unholy and unmeet,  
 To come within thy doors, or to  
 Wash thy Disciples Feet!

## V.

Come, holy Spirit, come and take  
 My filthy garments hence,  
 The guilt, the stain, the love of Sin,  
 Will give my Lord offence.

## VI.

Remember not my sins, O Lord !  
 Which ever load my mind,  
 Thy Son did die, for such as I,  
 That I might Mercy find.



VII.

Worldly distractions stay behind,  
Below the Mount abide,  
Be no disturbance to my mind,  
Nor make my Saviour chide.

VIII.

Let nothing that is not Divine  
Within thy presence move,  
What e're would cause thee not to shine  
In tokens of thy love.

IX.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,  
Send out thy Spirit to breathe  
Upon my Soul, to summon forth  
My Graces from beneath.

X.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,  
Awake, O every Grace;  
Come, come, attend this glorious King,  
And bow before his Face.

XI.

O come, my Lord, the time draws nigh  
That I am to receive,  
Stand with my Pardon sealed by,  
Perswade me to believe.

XII.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,  
Nor hide himself from me;  
O cause thy Face to shine upon  
The Soul that longs for thee.

## XIII.

O let our entertainment now  
 Be so exceeding sweet,  
 That we may long to come again,  
 And at thy Table meet.

XXIII. *Under Desertion.*

## I.

**M**Y Lord, My God, I once could sing,  
 But now I fear to say  
 God, I only cry my King,  
 Of force I must obey.  
 I forfeited that blessed Guest,  
 That joy that sometimes shone,  
 Within this dark unhallowed breast ;  
 O whither is it gone ?

## II.

Infinite compassion, Lord,  
 To my complaint give ear,  
 Whole troops of sorrow bear me down,  
 O when wilt thou appear ?  
 Remember, Lord, what I am stil'd,  
 Tho' under darkness great,  
 Tho' under darkness, still thy child,  
 My heart is still thy seat.

## III.

My King, thou dost possess that Throne,  
 Thou dost that Scepter sway,  
 'Tis thine, 'tis purely thine alone,  
 I hate the sinners way.

Lord, when thou seest me come to pray,  
 Bow down a gracious ear,

To

To answer me make no delay,  
One darksome day's a year,

IV.

I know I am extreamly vile,  
Lo here is room for Grace,  
Look therefore on me with a smile,  
A reconciled face.

I will no more my Lord provoke,  
Or cause thee to withdraw,  
Thy former frowns have made me wise  
To fear and stand in awe.

V.

My restless Soul will ne'er give o'er,  
Until thy Bowels move ;  
I'll not be driven from thy door,  
'Till thou shalt say I love.

XXIV. *For the Success of the Gospel.*

I.

**A**mong the Jews let every Tribe  
Turn to their Ancient Lord,  
All Glory to his Name ascribe,  
With joy receive his word.  
Let Jews, and Gentile world agree  
Thy glorious Name to raise,  
When they the path to Heaven see,  
They come with Songs and Praise.

II.

O that the Lord would conquer those  
That do resist his hand,

O cause that all thy Churches Foes  
 May yield to thy Command.  
 Thy Churches, Lord, beyond the Seas,  
 Are graven on our Hearts ;  
 Shower down thy Grace on them and these,  
 Let neither lose their parts.

## III.

Let those that seek thee not, be found,  
 Whilst the despisers fall,  
 And those that hear the Gospel sound,  
 May answer to its call.  
 Thy Saints complain that they are few,  
 They make too mean a Quire ;  
 Let converts fall like Morning Dew,  
 Thy Praise will rise the higher.

## IV.

In *England* give thy Gospel free  
 From a devised dress,  
 And let thy goodness which do's shine  
 In H—\*— ne're be less. ——— *Name your  
 Town here.*

Let those whom thou hast known of old,  
 Be quickly called home,  
 Even all thy Sheep within this Fold,  
 Compel them Lord to come,

## V.

Build up thine own, who wait till thou  
 Dost their corruptions kill ;  
 Breathe on our Souls, advance our Grace,  
 Lord, higher, higher still.  
 Our Pastor whom thou dost appoint,  
 To keep our Vineyard, bless,  
 With saving Grace, thy sweetest smiles,  
 And with a fair success.

VI.

Of thy sweet presence grant us more :  
 Much more our Souls desire ;  
 Untill we sing on Sions Hill,  
 With that Seraphick Quire.

XXV. For a soft Heart.

I.

**T**Hat Heart is Harder than a Stone,  
 That rises up to play,  
 And ne'er with sorrow thinks upon  
 The Sins of Yesterday.  
 The last nights failures well might make,  
 If they were duly scann'd,  
 Each Rock, each Sinners Heart to ake,  
 For Saints are daily tann'd.

II.

Ah Lord! dost thou not see my heart!  
 Alas! how little Love!  
 I pray thee do not lose thy part,  
 Drop softness from above.  
 O keep it tender! keep it soft,  
 That I may know to raise,  
 And quickly set the lowest string,  
 Unto a Tune of Praise.

III.

Thy People do lament and cry,  
 Their Sins have made them groan;  
 Give me their frames, then so shall I,  
 Lord rowl away this Stone.  
 If thou with-hold a little space,  
 With-hold not very long ;  
 Send down the melting Dews of Grace,  
 I'll send thee up a Song.

## IV.

Make my heart softer, softer still,  
 Me like thy mourning Dove,  
 I mourn because I cannot mourn,  
 But Lord thou know'st I love.  
 Make my heart softer, softer still;  
 That by thy gracious hand  
 A deep impression may be made  
 Even from the least Command.

XXVI. *Against Unbelief.*

## I.

**A** Soul that's burden'd with the weight  
 Of Sin that on him lies,  
 Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask  
 For whom that Saviour dies.  
 Surely for Sinners, such as I,  
 That precious Blood was spilt,  
 Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,  
 And wash away your guilt.

## II.

Christ's calls, arise, and do not fear,  
 Tho thou wast Satan's Slave,  
 Let this thy drooping spirit cheer,  
 His errand was to save.  
 Christ did appear to *Magdalen*,  
 When blinded with her tears,  
 To lead on others to believe,  
 And cast away their fears.

## III.

My Sins are grown so high, that they  
 Deserve a second flood,  
 Behold the Deluge, Christ is come;  
 To drown them in his blood.  
 My work is to believe on him,  
 By Faith his Blood apply,

When

## Penitential Cries.

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When Faith takes out the fiery sting,  
That Sinners shall not die.

### IV.

Lord give me this believing heart  
Advance it more and more,  
Rebuke these doubts and scruples that  
Are crowding at my door.  
Lord, Satan says my Sins are high,  
And spread before thy face;  
Vast heights indeed; but what are these  
Unto the heights of Grace?

### XXVII. For Universal Obedience.

#### I.

**L**ORD thou hast planted me a Vine  
In fertile soil and air,  
Now tend and water me as thine,  
Make me thy daily care.  
My Christ I'm wholly thine, direct  
Me wandering in the dark,  
O may my constant aims be strait,  
Thine honour be my mark.

#### II.

I have observ'd thy sacred Laws  
To be exceeding wide,  
Let me not from the least of them  
Turn willfully aside.  
Lord let thy Word and Spirit guide  
Thy Servant in thy way,  
May I walk closely with my God  
And run no more astray.

#### III.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone  
And other Saints be free?

Each

Each Saint of thine shall find his own  
 And there is one for me.  
 When e're it falls unto my lot  
 Let it not drive me from  
 My God, let me be ne'er forgot  
 'Till thou hast lov'd me home.

## IV.

O happy Christians, be not loth  
 To have a coarser fear:  
 Saints that have had no Table cloth,  
 Had Christ at dinner there.  
 To do or suffer I am pleas'd,  
 So long as Christ stands by,  
 Support me with thy constant aid,  
 Lest all thy Graces die.

## V.

The way is to the upright strength,  
 Lord make it so to me,  
 That never tiring with the length,  
 My Soul may reach to thee.

XXVIII. *The Sinners Cry for Quickning Grace.*

## I.

**T**H E Spouse sought her beloved one,  
 But sought him on her Bed,  
 Seldom such seekers speed with God.  
 Cold Pray'rs are counted dead.  
 How many Duties do I spoil,  
 How many Sins do I  
 Contract by this my drowsy frame,  
 Forgetting Christ is by?

## II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,  
 Run cheerfully to God,



Their Heav'nly praises shew the same  
 Whilst I'm a lifeless clod.  
 Ah Lord shall it be ever thus?  
 Have I no wings for thee?  
 It grieves me to go bowed down,  
 Whilst other Christians flee.

III.

None can remedy this but thou,  
 Drop down the Oil of Love,  
 My Soul then like *Aminadab*,  
 With swift delight will move.  
 O come to me with quick'ning Grace,  
 Remove this drowsie frame,  
 Then shall the fire of Love within,  
 Brake out into a flame.

IV.

Come, come to me, O come and set  
 My Soul upon the Wing,  
 When I upon the Mountain get,  
 I'll praise my heav'nly King.  
 No more delays, O come, and blow,  
 Stir up thy grace begun;  
 When thou dost breathe, thy Spices flow;  
 The work goes kindly on.

XXIX. *For Communion with God.*

I.

**A** LAs my God, that we shou'd be,  
 Such Strangers to each other,  
 O that as Friends we might agree,  
 And walk and talk together.  
 Thou knowest my Soul do's dearly love  
 The place of thine abode,  
 No Musick drops so sweet a sound,  
 As these two words, my God.

## II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows  
 Within these Gardens here,  
 I find no sweetness in their Rose,  
 When Jesus is not near.

Thy gracious presence, O my Christ  
 Can make a Paradise;  
 Ah what are all the goodly Pearls  
 Unto this Pearl of price;

## III.

May I taste that Communion, Lord,  
 Thy People have with thee?  
 Thy Spirit daily talks with them,  
 O let it talk with me;  
 Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,  
 And thus walk out my day,  
 Attended with the Heav'nly Guards  
 Upon my Kings High-way.

## IV.

When wilt thou come unto me Lord?  
 O come, my Lord most dear,  
 Come near, come nearer, nearer still,  
 I'm well when thou art near.  
 When wilt thou come unto me Lord?  
 I languish for thy sight,  
 Ten thousand Suns if thou art strange  
 Are shades instead of light.

## V.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?  
 For till thou dost appear,  
 I count each moment for a day,  
 Each minute for a year.  
 Come Lord, and never from me go,  
 This World's a darksome place,

